

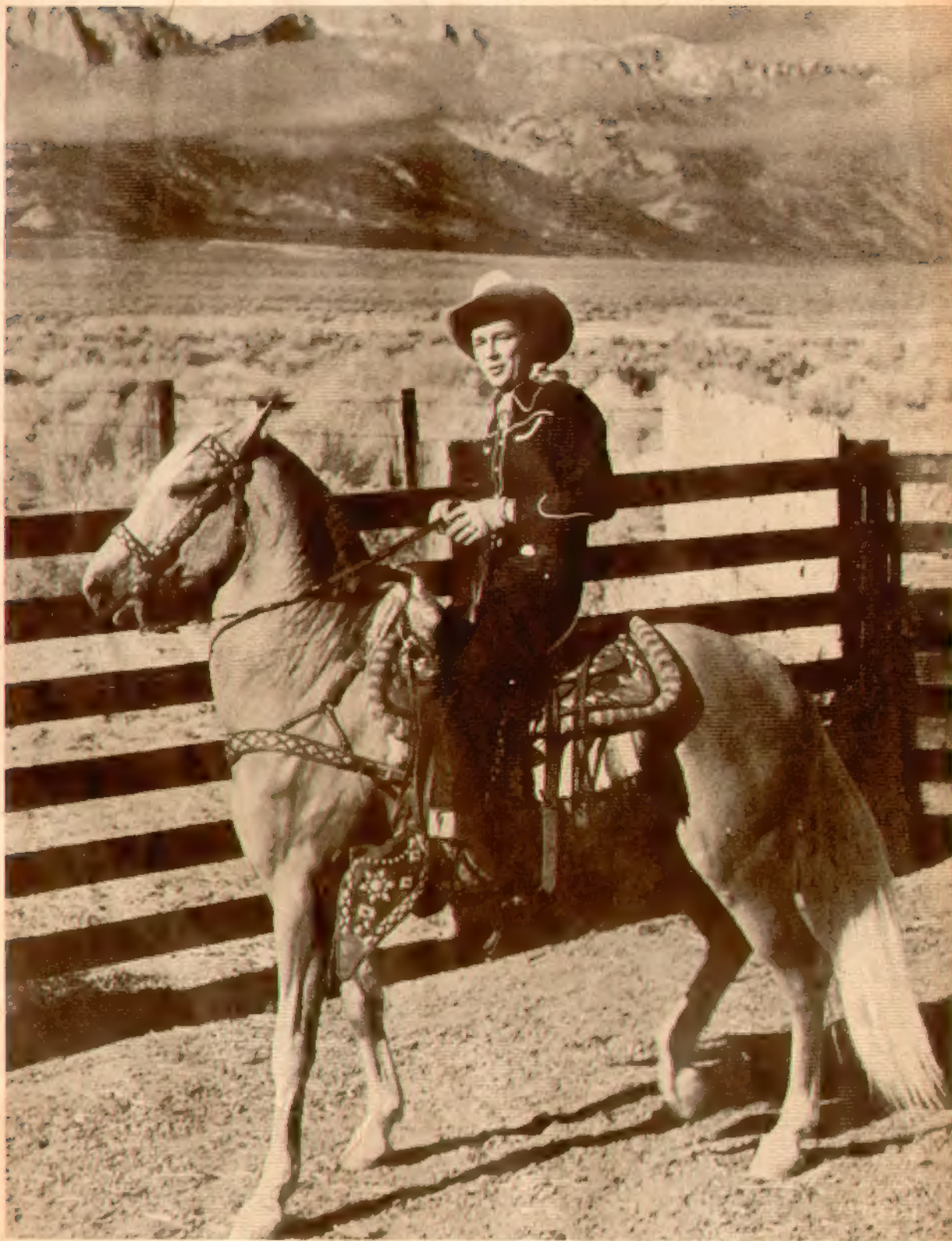
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No. 144

Roy Rogers

COMICS





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ROY ROGERS

ON THE APACHE TRAIL

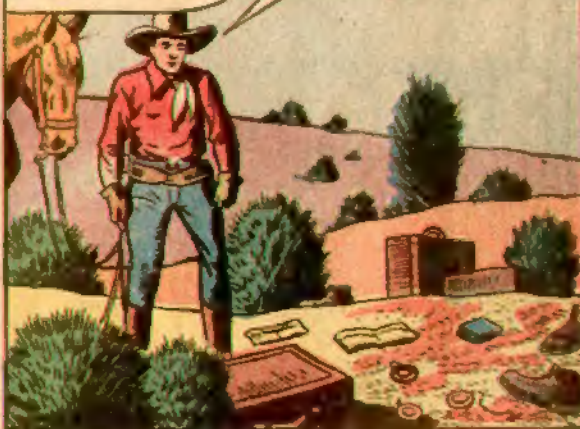
CROSSING SOUTHWARD TO THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL, ROY ROGERS RIDES ONTO A STARTLING SCENE....



SUITCASES, LADIES' HANDBAGS... AND A DEAD APACHE!



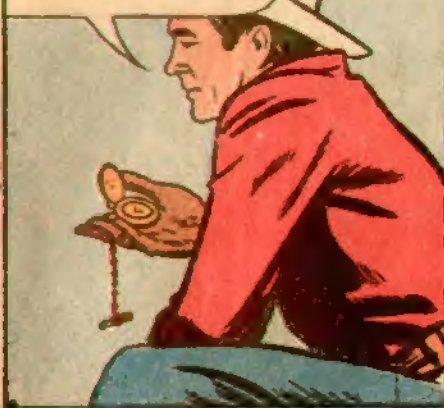
EMPTY WALLETS, WATCHES... EVEN SHOES... LOOT FROM WHITE TRAVELERS! BUT WHY DID THEY LEAVE IT?



SHOT WITH A SIX GUN! AND WITH SOME WHITE MAN'S SHOES ON HIS FEET! HIS BODY IS STILL WARM.... AND WHAT'S THIS?

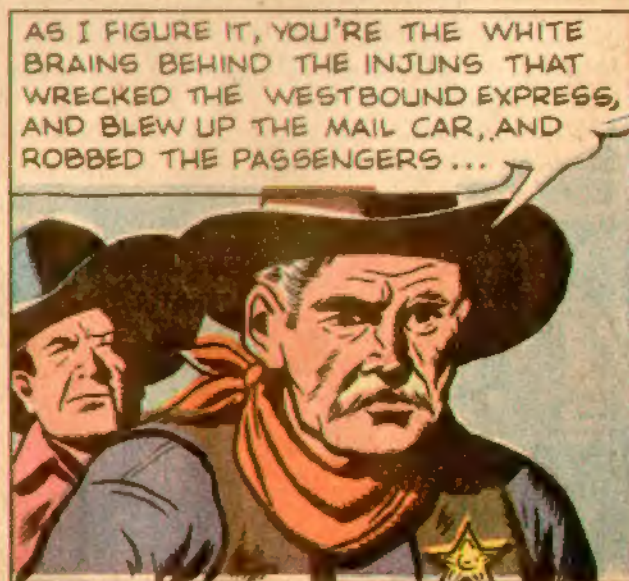


"TO GENERAL 'BUDD' CRAIG... FROM HIS FELLOW OFFICERS OF THE NINTH....." WHY... I'VE KNOWN HIM SINCE I WAS A KID!



I'LL TAKE THIS WATCH ALONG... AND IF THE GENERAL IS STILL ALIVE, I'LL RETURN IT TO HIM... HIS RANCH ISN'T FAR FROM HERE.





NO APACHE COULD HAVE PLANNED ALL THAT... AND THERE'S A SAYING: "A KILLER ALWAYS COMES BACK TO THE SCENE OF HIS CRIME"! THAT MAKES YOU....



.... INNOCENT! I'VE COMMITTED NO CRIME AND YOU CAN PROVE IT BY TRIGGER'S TRAIL.... I FOUND SOME OF THE LOOT A MILE BACK.

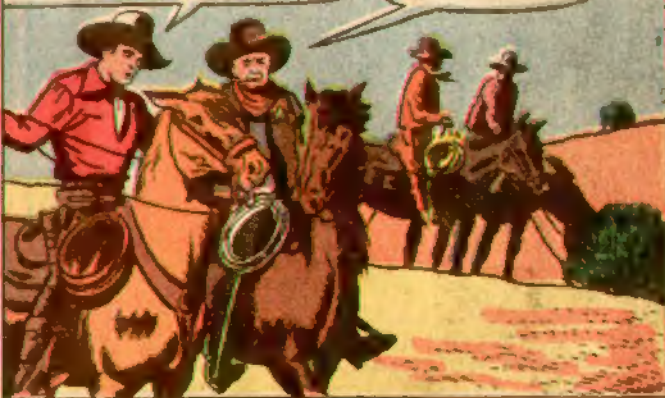


I'LL GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO PROVE YOUR WORDS, HOMBRE.... BUT DON'T TRY ANYTHING ELSE.



IT WAS RIGHT HERE, SHERIFF... BUT IT'S GONE NOW... EVEN THAT DEAD APACHE!

YOUR STORY DON'T JIBE, MISTER! WHAT D'YUH TAKE ME FOR— A TENDERFOOT?



COME TO THINK OF IT, YOU MIGHT HAVE SOME INCRIMINATING EVIDENCE CACHED AWAY IN YOUR CLOTHES...



HUMPH! YOU ALWAYS CARRY A THIN GOLD WATCH IN YOUR SHIRT POCKET, **COWBOY?**

NO. THAT WATCH BELONGS TO A FRIEND OF MINE, GENERAL BUDDINGTON CRAIG. I FOUND IT HERE AMONG THE LOOT...



YOU FOUND IT HERE? WELL, HOMBRE, IT MAY BE SO.... BUT I'D CALL THIS WATCH PURTY GOOD EVIDENCE THAT YOU'RE A LIAR.



TAKE GENERAL CRAIG'S FRIEND BACK TO TOWN AND JAIL HIM, BOYS.



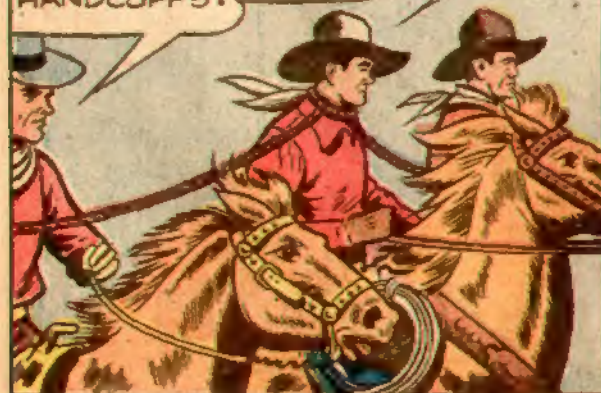
AND TAKE GENERAL CRAIG'S WATCH ALONG, TOO... I DON'T CARE TO RISK LOSING IT. WHERE ARE YOU RIDING, SHERIFF?



AFTER THOSE CUSSED APACHES ... WITH THE REST OF MY POSSE! LET'S GO!

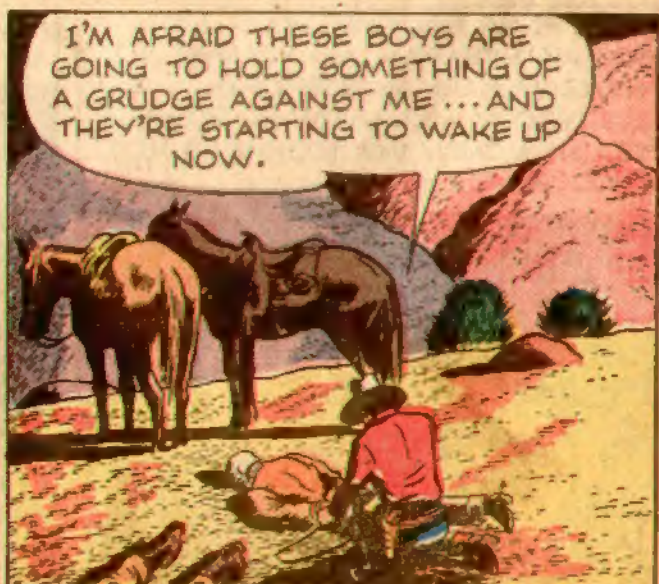
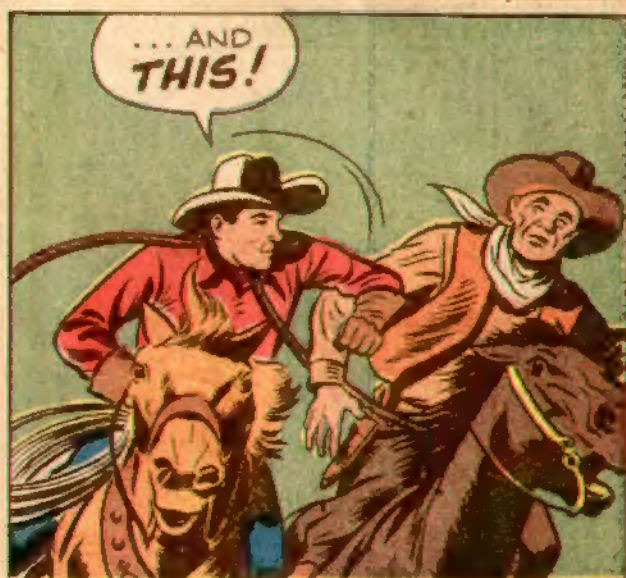
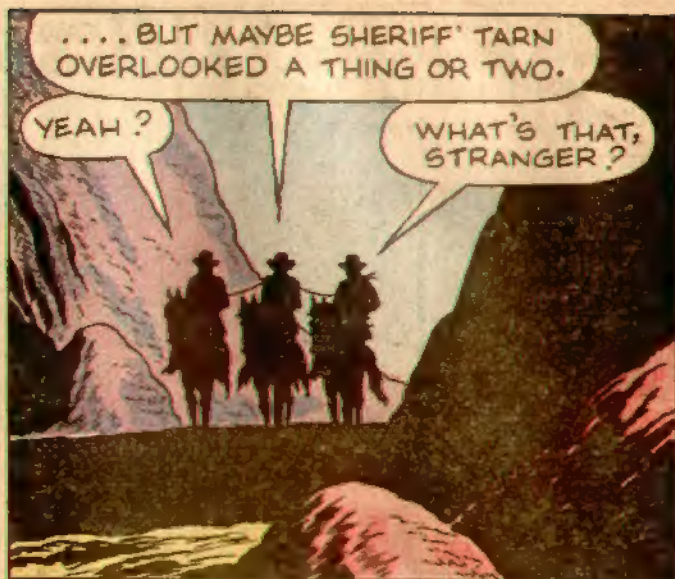


YOU CAN BE MIGHTY GLAD SHERIFF TARN IS A KIND-HEARTED MAN, STRANGER ... A LOOP ON YOUR NECK IS EASIER TO WEAR THAN HANDCUFFS. UH-HUH?



YOU BET! AND SAFER, TOO! IF YOU TRY TO GET AWAY, YOU GET HUNG AUTOMATIC.... AND SAVE THE COUNTY A TRIAL.





GENERAL CRAIG WILL GET HIS WATCH QUICKER IF IT ISN'T HELD FOR EVIDENCE.



AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE YOU GENTS...BUT YOUR HORSES WILL TAKE YOU HOME. SO LONG!



MEANTIME, TWENTY MILES AWAY....

FOOLS! DO YOU NOT KNOW WHITE MEN WILL FOLLOW US?



YOU SHUT FACE, JOE TWO-SCALP! YOU HALF WHITE MAN! YOU NOT LEAD US ANY MORE! YOU SHOOT MY BROTHER FOR NOTHING.



UGH! YOUR BROTHER FOOL, LIKE YOU, K'NEE-SAN! HE FOUGHT TO WEAR WHITE MAN'S SHOES.... SO EVERYBODY WILL KNOW HE ROBBED TRAIN. MONEY WE TOOK WAS NOT ENOUGH FOR HIM!



A SUDDEN WHISTLE SOUNDS....AND AN APACHE SCOUT COMES RUNNING.



SHERIFF COME FAST....
WITH TEN RIDERS!
SAY, QUICK...WE
RUN OR WE FIGHT?



LISTEN, EMPTY HEADS! IF YOU
RUN YOU WILL DIE.....LIKE
COYOTES! CUT ME LOOSE AND I
WILL TRAP THE WHITE MEN
FOR YOU.



JOE TWO-SCALP
SPEAKS WITH A
STRAIGHT TONGUE.

HE HAS STRONG
MEDICINE! WE
NEED HIM.



GO EASY HERE, BOYS! THIS
WOULD BE A BAD PLACE FOR
A FIGHT.



ONE OF YOU STAY
BACK WITH THE HOSSES.



THEY MUST HAVE
LEFT THIS STUFF IN
A HURRY WHEN
THEY SAW US
COMING, SHERIFF.

HAW, HAW!
HERE'S A CORSET!
NO ONE BUT AN
INJUN WOULD
STEAL A THING
LIKE THAT.



BETTER KEEP YOUR EYES
PEELED, BOYS! THERE'S
NO CRITTER ON EARTH SO
TRICKY AS AN APACH....



TWENTY APACHE RIFLES ECHO
JOE TWO-SCALP'S SHOT.



TAKE COVER....
BEFORE WE'RE
ALL KILLED!



AMBUSHED! REG'LAR
APACHE TRICK....
CATCHING US WITH
THEIR OWN LOOT!
.... AH! HIT HIM!

WE SWALLERED
THEIR BAIT
LIKE SUCKERS!
THAT FIRST
VOLLEY....



... GOT THAT ONE! AS I WAS
SAYING, JIM, THAT FIRST
VOLLEY COULD HAVE
WIPED US OUT....



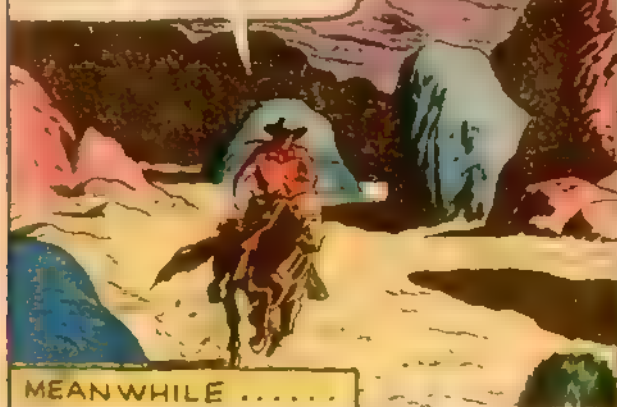
WITHOUT TARGETS, THE APACHES
TURN HUNTERS....BROWN BODIES
MOVE SNAKELIKE ALONG THE
HOLLOW'S RIM.....



.... AND AGAIN THE HIDDEN
RIFLES SPEAK!



FROM NOW ON I'M A WANTED
MAN...UNLESS I CAN ROLND
UP SOME OF THOSE APACHES
SINGLEHANDED, AND
BRING THEM IN....



MEANWHILE

GUNFIRE.... OVER
IN THOSE HILLS!



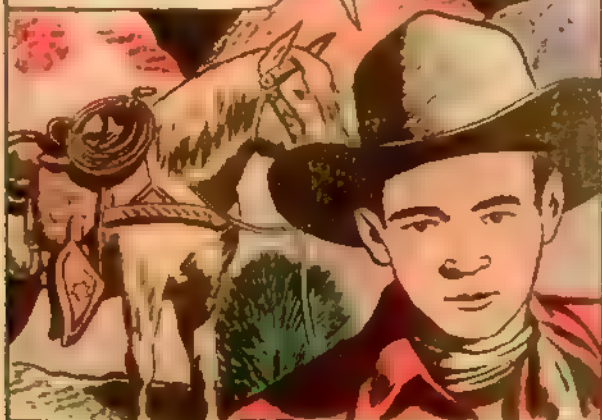
APACHES FIGHT ONLY WHEN
THEY'VE GOT THE ADVANTAGE...
I RECKON SHERIFF TARN
IS 'N TROUBLE.



THE SHERIFF! HE'S HARD HIT
AND ON THE RUN.



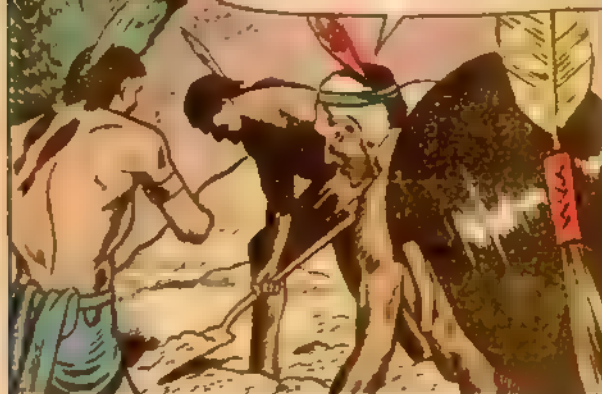
THE LAW LOST OUT THIS TIME,
TRIGGER BUT MAYBE THERE'S
SOMETHING WE CAN DO
TO HELP.....



THEY'RE ALL DOWN IN THAT
HOLLOW....BURYING THE STUFF
FROM THE TRAIN ROBBERY.



WE DIG IT UP AFTER
WHITE MEN
FORGET.
BETTER WE
NEVER DIG
UP WHITE MAN
CLOTHES....THE LAW
NEVER FORGETS!



THEY'RE PUTTING ON THEIR OLD
SHIRTS AND OVERALLS....
CHANGING BACK INTO GOOD
TAME RESERVATION INDIANS!



AND NOW THEY'RE RIDING OUT...
IN DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS!
OH, THEY'RE SMART!



IT'S TOO DARK TO FOLLOW ANY TRAIL
NOW, TRIGGER ... WE'LL HEAD STRAIGHT
FOR THE DIAMOND C RANCH, AND
GIVE GENERAL "BUDD" CRAIG
HIS WATCH.



WHEN THE MOON HANGS LOW TO THE DESERT,
AND THE COYOTES WHIMPER AND WAIL,
I'LL BE RIDING ALONE TO A PLACE I'VE KNOWN
ON THE OLD APACHE TRAIL....



JUST BEFORE DAWN, ROY REACHES
THE DIAMOND C



I SMELL FRESH HORSE SWEAT!.....
THERE HE IS IN THE CORRAL.....



.... A WEARY HORSE, ITS SWEAT
SHINING WET IN THE MOONLIGHT!



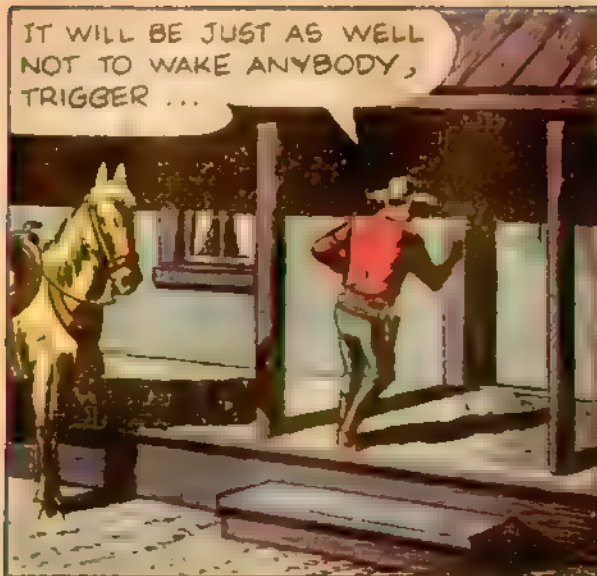
THIS HULL IS STILL WET....
AND THE SADDLE BLANKET
IS OF INDIAN MAKE!



IT COULD BE THAT ONE OF THOSE
APACHES RODE IN AHEAD OF ME!
OF COURSE HE'D BE JUST ANOTHER
HARD-WORKING RANCH HAND
TOMORROW...



IT WILL BE JUST AS WELL
NOT TO WAKE ANYBODY,
TRIGGER ...



IF NOBODY KNOWS I'M AROUND
I CAN WATCH THAT NIGHT-
RIDING INDIAN....

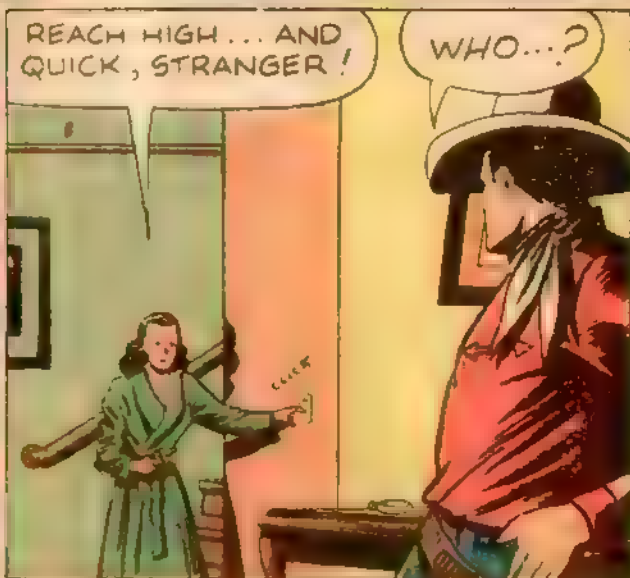


I'LL JUST LEAVE THIS TIMEPIECE
ON THE GENERAL'S LIVING
ROOM TABLE AND....



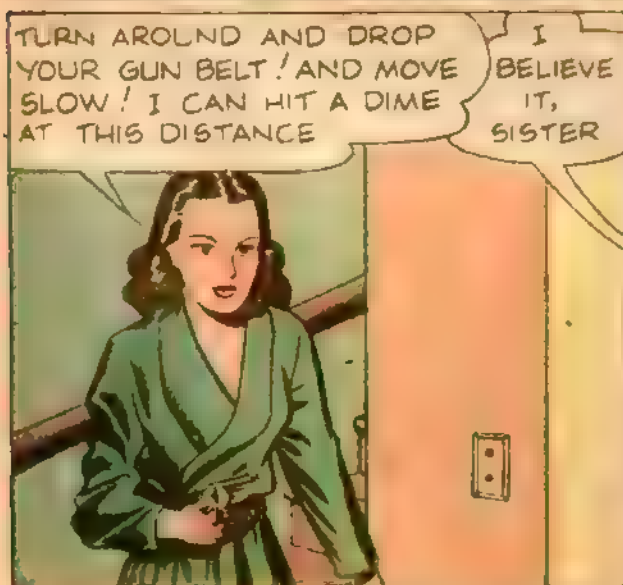
REACH HIGH... AND
QUICK, STRANGER!

WHO...?

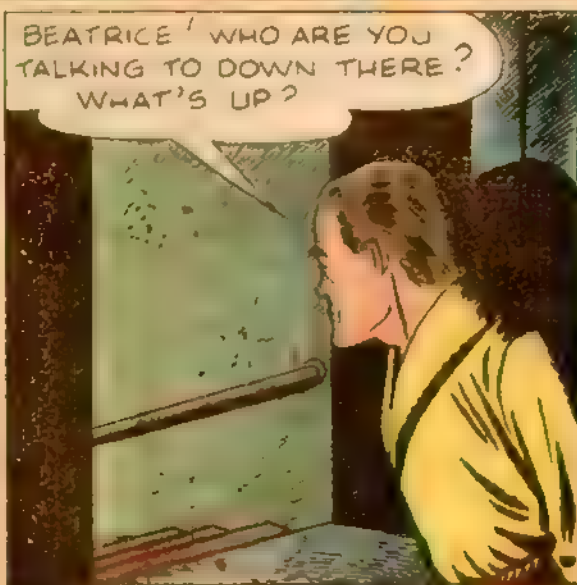


TURN AROUND AND DROP
YOUR GUN BELT! AND MOVE
SLOW! I CAN HIT A DIME
AT THIS DISTANCE

I BELIEVE
IT,
SISTER

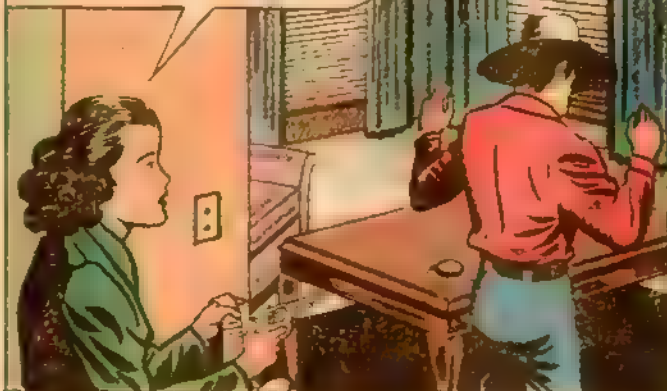


BEATRICE! WHO ARE YOU
TALKING TO DOWN THERE?
WHAT'S UP?



I HAVEN'T ASKED HIS NAME, UNCLE BUDD. I CAUGHT HIM LIFTING YOUR WATCH OFF THE TABLE... STEADY THERE, STRANGER!

AHEM!....

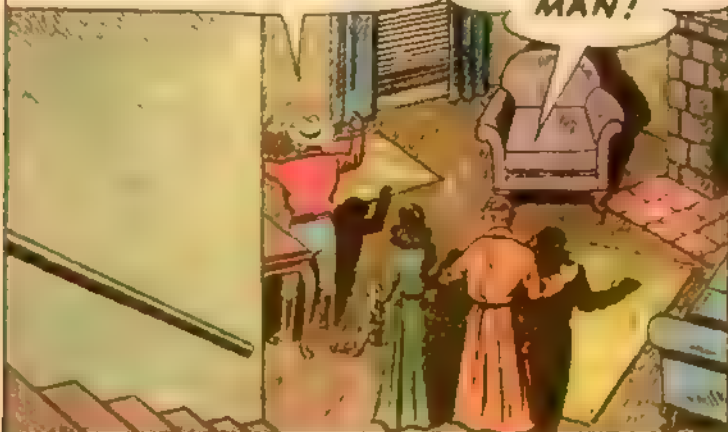


MY WATCH? I LOST MY WATCH TO THOSE DEV'ISH APACHES THAT WRECKED THE TRAIN. WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



IT IS YOUR WATCH, GENERAL CRAIG... I FOUND IT WITH THE APACHES' LOOT AND BROUGHT IT BACK TO YOU.

WHA-A-AT? PUT THAT GUN DOWN, BEE... I KNOW THIS MAN!



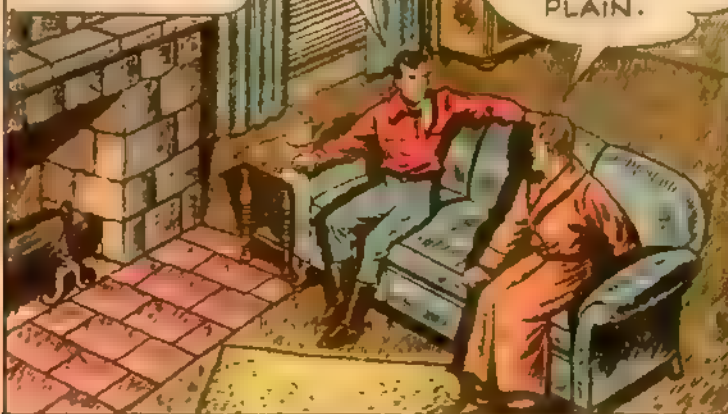
ROY ROGERS. WHERE UNDER HEAVEN DID YOU DROP FROM? AND WHAT'S THIS ABOUT THE APACHES... CONFOUND 'EM!



IT'S A LONG STORY, GENERAL... NOW THAT THE WHOLE RANCH KNOWS YOU'VE GOT A VISITOR, LET'S SIT DOWN AND TALK.

.... SO THAT'S HOW YOUR WATCH AND I ARRIVED HERE... JUST A FEW MINUTES AFTER ONE OF THE APACHE BAND, I THINK.

AFTER ONE OF THE... EH? CONFOUND IT, MAN! MAKE YOURSELF PLAIN.



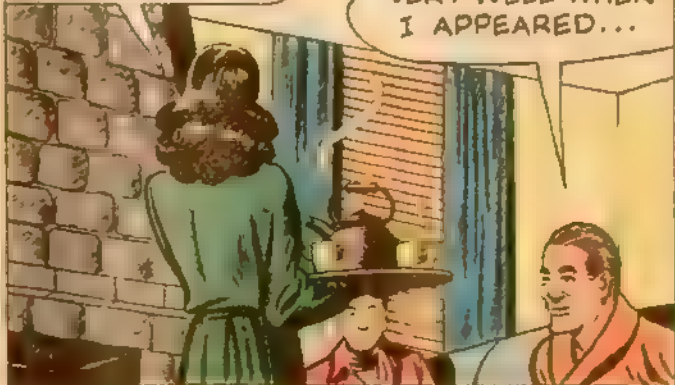
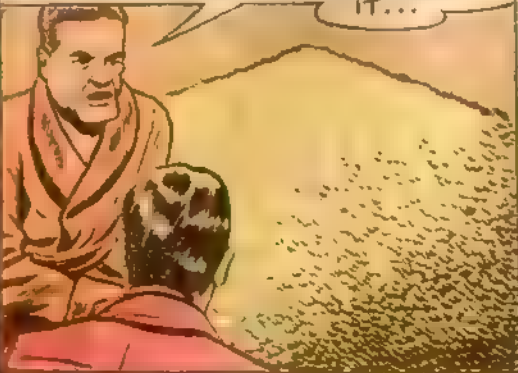
I FOUND A SWEATING PONY IN THE CORRAL, JUST NOW... AND AN INDIAN SADDLE BLANKET, STILL WET. GOT ANY INDIAN RANCH HANDS, GENERAL CRAIG?



NO! YOU'VE GOT INDIANS ON THE BRAIN, ROY! THE NEAREST THING TO AN INDIAN ON THIS RANCH IS JOE TWO-SCALP. HE'S HALF APACHE, BUT I'D VOUCH FOR HIS HONESTY. CONFOUND IT...

PLEASE DON'T SHOUT SO, UNCLE BUDD.... AND YOU HAVEN'T YET INTRODUCED ME, YOU KNOW.

EH... WHAT? THAT'S RIGHT, BEE, I HAVEN'T! YOU SEEMED TO BE GETTING ON VERY WELL WHEN I APPEARED...



ROY ROGERS, ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY NIECE, BEATRICE ALBERTINE LANE...

...BETTER KNOWN AS BEE!

I'M MIGHTY WELL PLEASED...



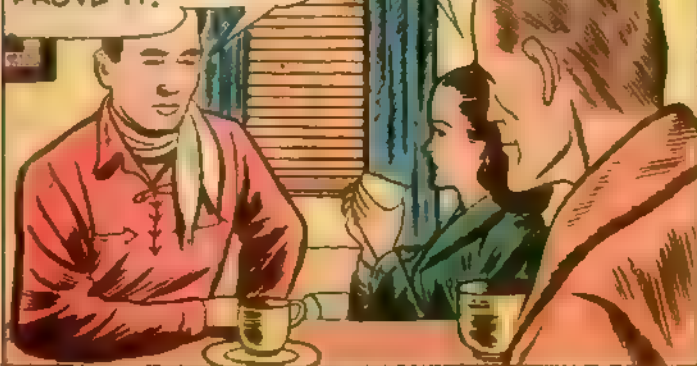
...THAT SHE LET ME LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW HER! FOR A SECOND, WHEN SHE TURNED ON THE LIGHTS, I THOUGHT I WAS A GONER!

YOU HAD A CLOSE CALL, COWBOY!



I'M STILL IN A TIGHT SPOT..... SHERIFF TARN BELIEVES I'M THE LEADER OF THE APACHES. AND HE CAN PRETTY WELL PROVE IT.

I KNOW TARN.... A MAN OF FIXED IDEAS. HE WOULDN'T EVEN TAKE MY WORD...



I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, ROY... START YOUR PRIVATE APACHE-HUNT TOMORROW, BUT MAKE THE DIAMOND C YOUR HEAD-QUARTERS... AND CALL ON ME FOR ANY HELP YOU NEED.



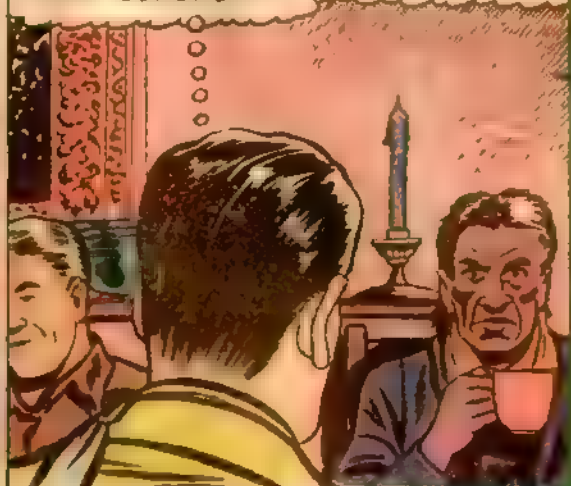
AT DAYBREAK, ROY REPORTS TO
FOREMAN CHET DOWNEY

GENERAL CRAIG JUST
HIRED ME, DOWNEY...
NAME IS ROY ROGERS.

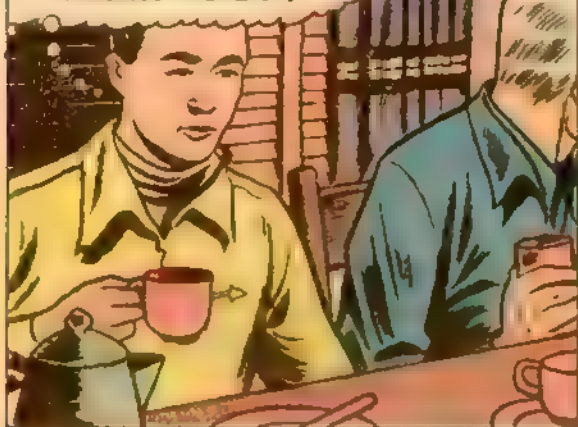
OKAY, ROGERS!
YOU CAN WASH
UP FOR BREAK-
FAST.



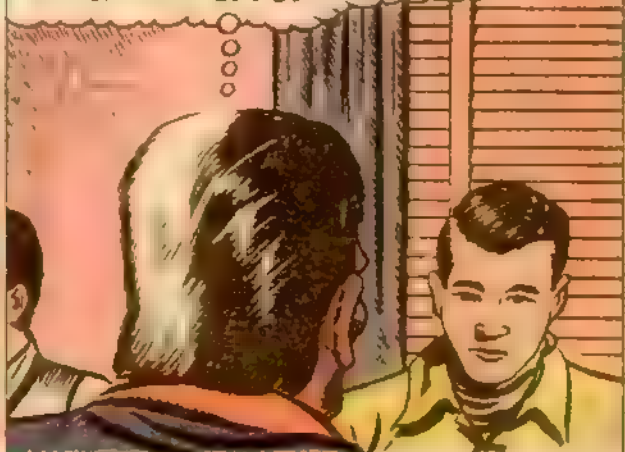
THERE'S JOE TWO-SCALP! AND
I'VE SEEN THAT PATCH OF WHITE
HAIR BEFORE...



HE WAS BOSSING THE JOB
WHEN THOSE OTHER
APACHES BURIED
THEIR LOOT!

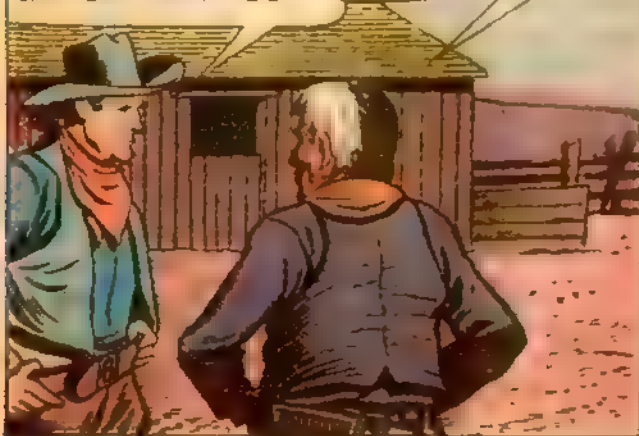


THIS NEW HAND FOLLOWED ME IN
LAST NIGHT... HE LOOKED AT MY
HORSE AND SADDLE! I MUST
WATCH HIM CLOSE.

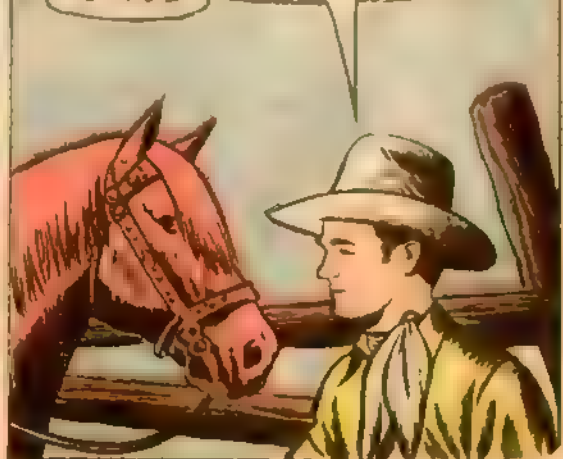


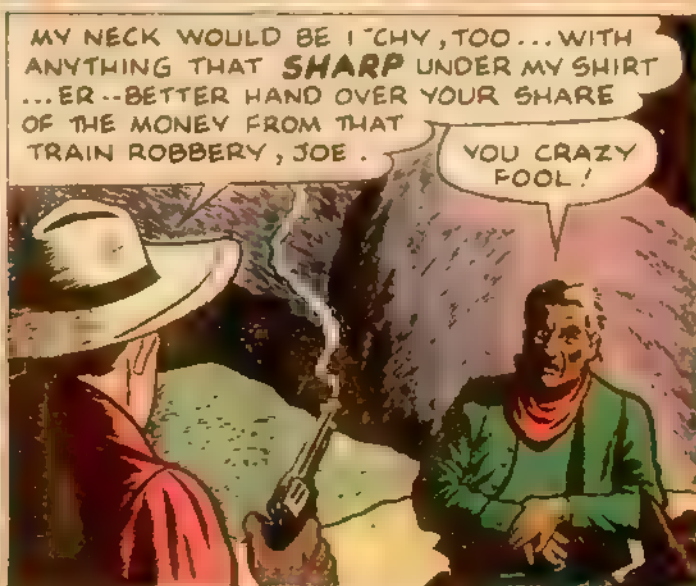
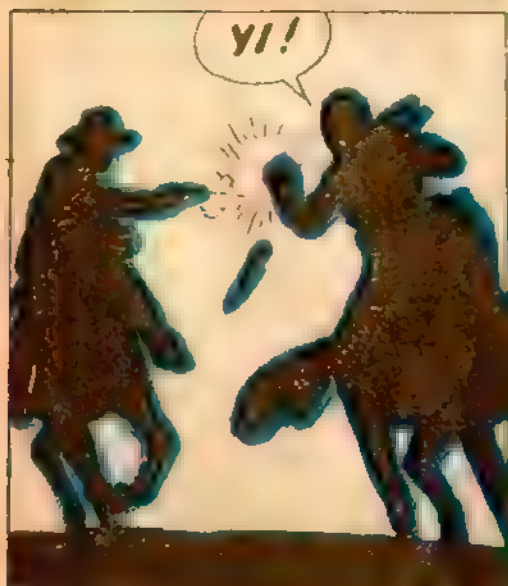
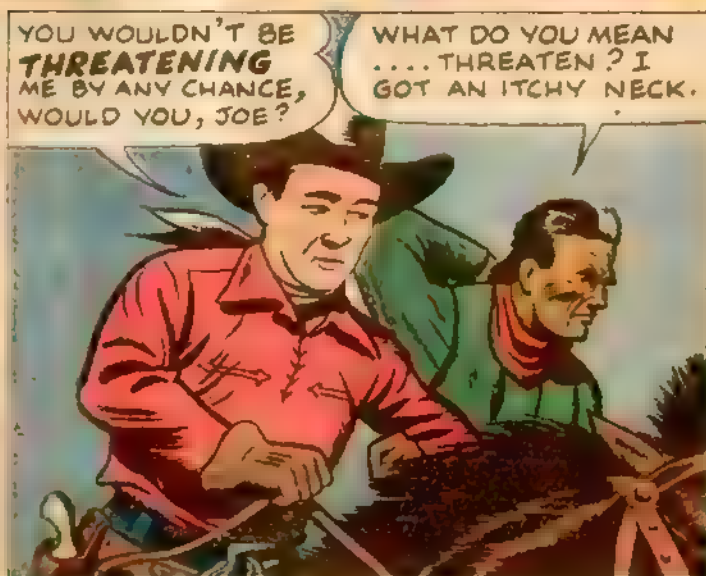
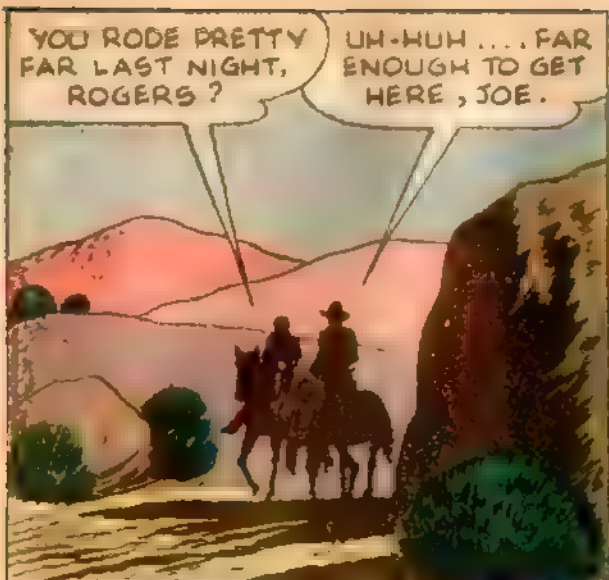
JOE, YOU'D BETTER RIDE OVER
TOWARDS ANTELOPE SINKS,
AND LOOK FOR THOSE TWO-
YEAR-OLD STEERS... ROGERS
CAN GO WITH YOU.

OKAY!



YOU TAKE IT EASY TODAY,
TRIGGER!..... I'M ROPING
MYSELF A DIAMOND C HORSE
TO RIDE





SHERIFF WILL LAUGH AT YOU ! NOBODY SAW ME ANYWHERE NEAR THAT TRAIN ... ASK GENERAL CRAIG !

NOBODY RECOGNIZED YOU **THERE**, MAYBE ... IN YOUR PAINT AND WAR-BONNET ... BUT I SAW YOU BURY THE STUFF AFTER THE FIGHT.

THERE WERE MEN KILLED WHEN YOU BLEW UP THE EXPRESS CAR! YOUR ONE CHANCE TO DODGE HANGING IS TO NAME THE REST OF YOUR APACHE GANG.

I DON'T HEAR YOU !

ALL RIGHT ... I'LL LET YOU THINK IT OVER WHILE WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE STEERS ... LEAD THE WAY TO ANTELOPE SINKS, JOE.

THERE'S ONE OF THEM BOGGED DOWN !

I'LL PROBABLY NEED BOTH ROPES TO PULL THAT STEER OUT...

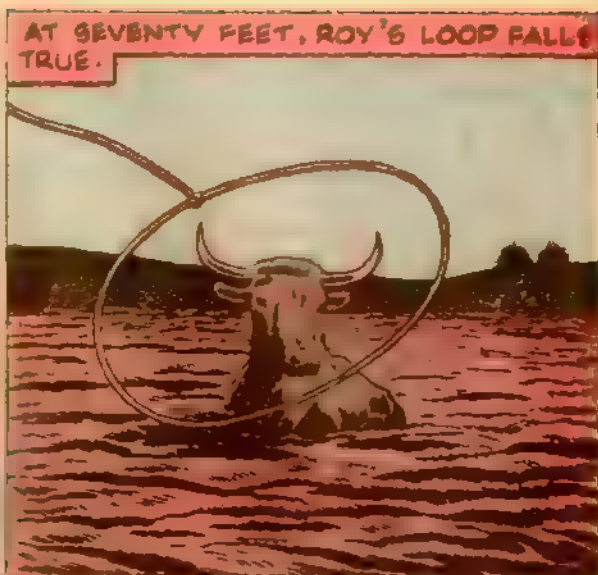
RIDE AHEAD, JOE. YOU KNOW A SAFE WAY INTO THIS SINK ... AND REMEMBER ... A BULLET TRAVELS FASTER THAN YOU CAN.

NOT SAFE TO GO
FARTHER.

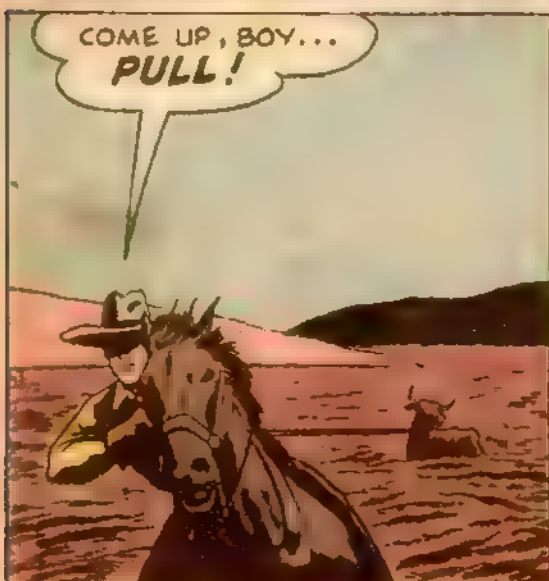
OKAY... I CAN
ROPE HIM FROM
HERE.



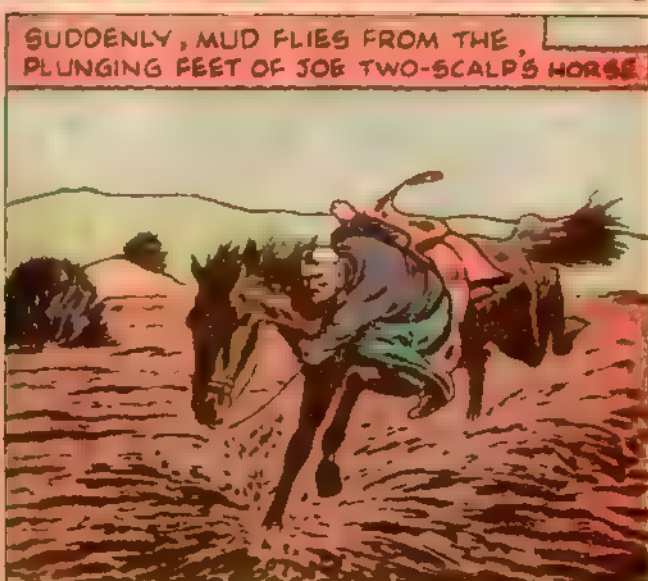
AT SEVENTY FEET, ROY'S LOOP FALLS
TRUE.



COME UP, BOY...
PULL!



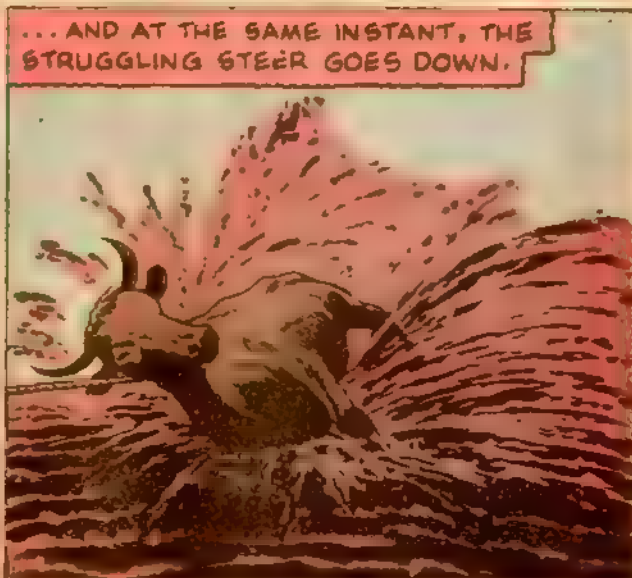
SUDDENLY, MUD FLIES FROM THE
PLUNGING FEET OF JOE TWO-SCALP'S HORSE



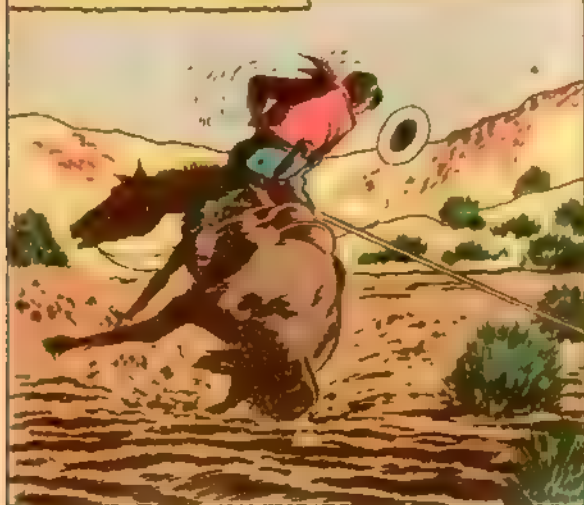
ROY REINS ABOUT, SIX GUN READY...



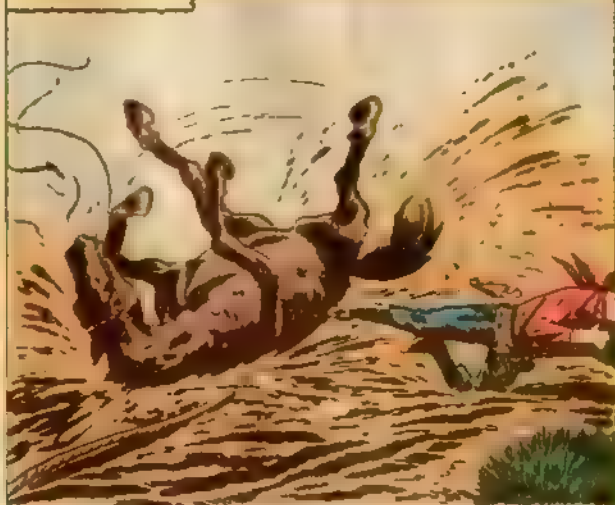
...AND AT THE SAME INSTANT, THE
STRUGGLING STEER GOES DOWN.



JERKED OFF BALANCE, ROY'S HORSE
FALLS BACKWARD

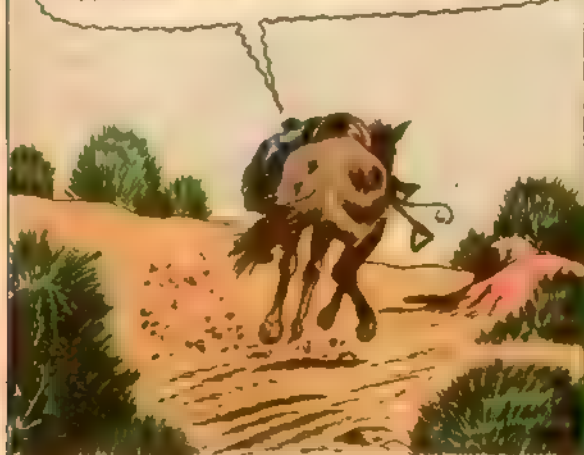


WITH CAT LIKE QUICKNESS, ROY LANDS
CLEAR



... AS JOE'S MOCKING WAR-WHOOP
RINGS OUT.

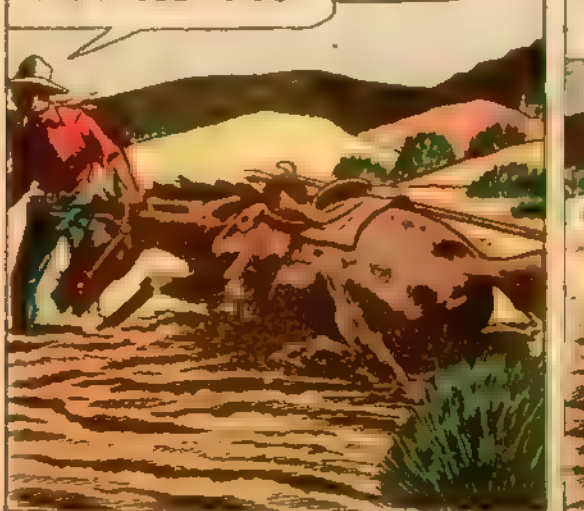
WAH! WA-WA-WA-WA-WAH!



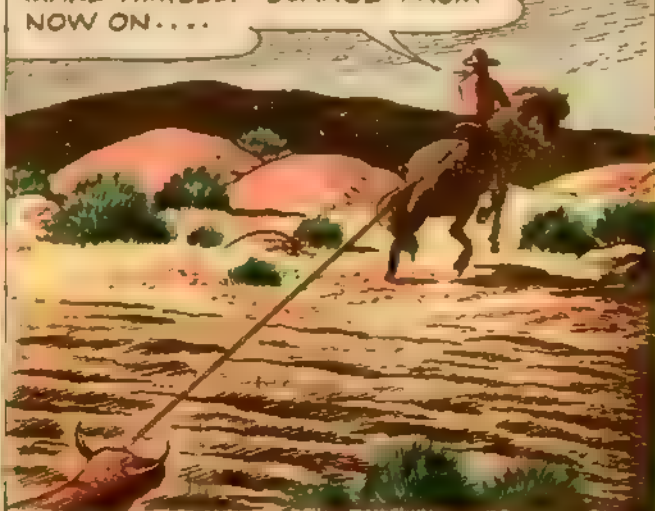
IF I SHOT HIS HORSE, HE'D STILL BE
ABLE TO SNEAK AWAY! CHALK ONE UP
FOR JOE TWO-SCALP!



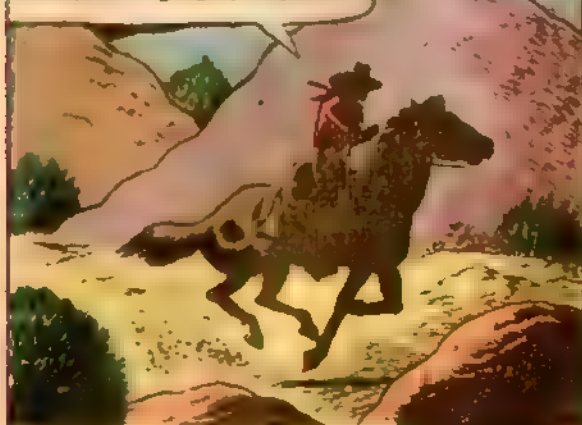
TAKE IT EASY, PONY! WE STILL
HAVE A JOB TO DO.



I RECKON THAT HALF-BREED WILL
MAKE HIMSELF SCARCE FROM
NOW ON....



MATTER OF FACT... I'D HAVE A MIGHTY SLIM CASE AGAINST HIM IN COURT.... MY WORD AGAINST JOE'S, AND I'M ALREADY SUSPECTED.



I'LL SAY NOTHING ABOUT HIM YET... NOT EVEN TO GENERAL CRAIG



THE NEXT MORNING

YOU CALLED ME, GENERAL ?



ROY, CHET DOWNEY TELLS ME THAT JOE TWO-SCALP DIDN'T SHOW UP LAST NIGHT... WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE HIM ?

AT THE SINKS.... WHEN I PULLED ONE OF YOUR STEERS OUT, SIR



HMMMMM ! JOE'S BEEN AWOL A NUMBER OF TIMES LATELY... THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH A BREED... UNRELIABLE.



UNCLE BUDD... LOOK ! ISN'T THAT JOE TWO-SCALP RIDING IN NOW, WITH A BUNDLE OF PAPERS ?

WHY... YOU'RE RIGHT, BEE ! THE RASCAL'S BEEN TO TOWN AND BROUGHT BACK THE MAIL.



IMPORTANT NOTICE WITH THE LETTERS, YOU SAY, JOE? WHAT'S IT ABOUT?

OPEN IT UP AND SEE....



I HAVE A HUNCH, TRIGGER, THAT JOE TWO-SCALP'S SHOWING UP MEANS MIGHTY BAD NEWS FOR US.

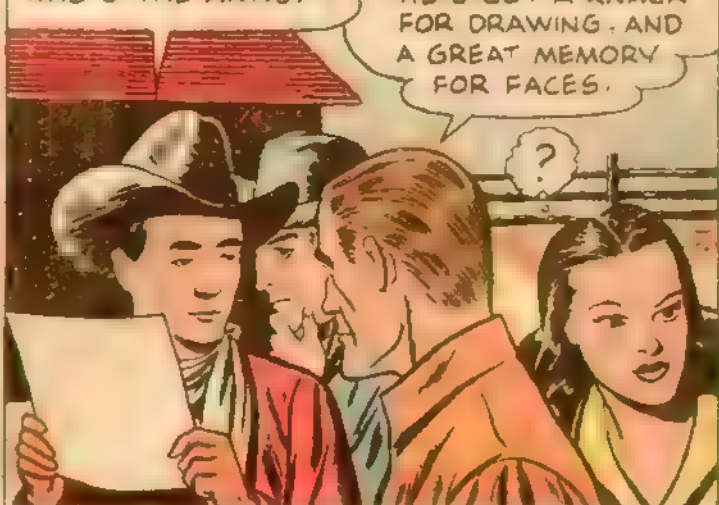


WHEEEEW! ROY... COME TAKE A LOOK AT THIS.



PRETTY GOOD SKETCH! WHO'S THE ARTIST?

SHERIFF TARN... HE'S GOT A KNACK FOR DRAWING, AND A GREAT MEMORY FOR FACES.



ER... STEP INTO THE HOUSE A MINUTE, WILL YOU, ROY?

ALL RIGHT...



THAT'S THE FIRST TIME I EVER SAW JOE TWO-SCALP SMILE... AND I DON'T LIKE IT!



CONFOUND IT, ROY, YOU ARE IN A FIX NOW.... WHERE I CAN'T PROTECT YOU! JOE MAY HAVE TIPPED OFF THE SHERIFF ALREADY...

I KNOW IT, GENERAL... AND I'M SURE GRATEFUL FOR YOUR HOSPITALITY.

I'LL BE GOING NOW.... WITH JUST ONE WORD OF WARNING! FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, DON'T TRUST JOE TWO-SCALP AS FAR AS YOU CAN SEE HIM. ADIOS, FOLKS...

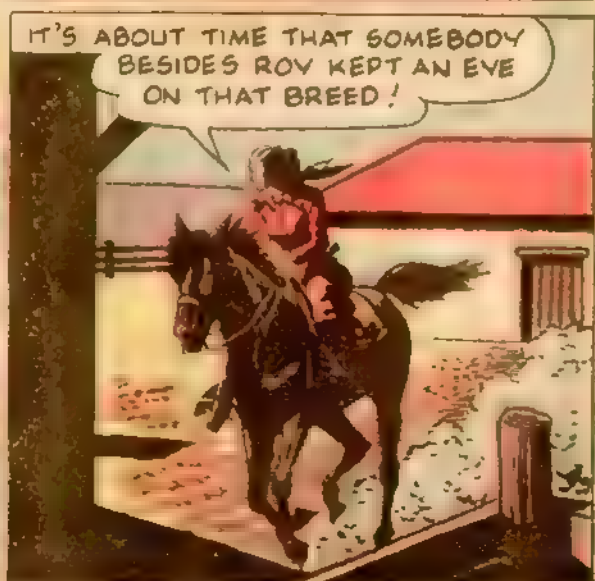
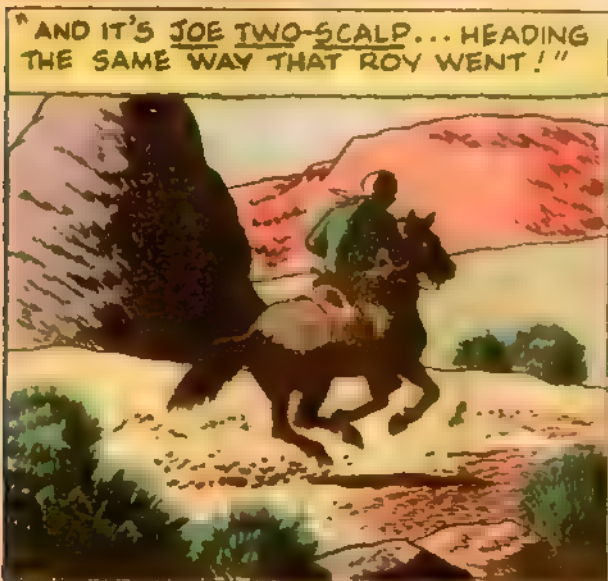
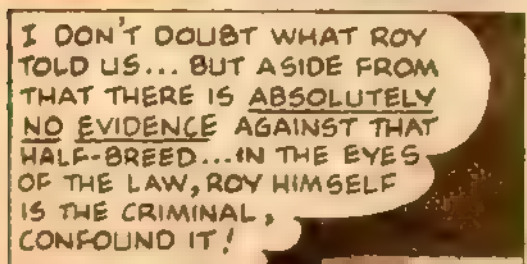
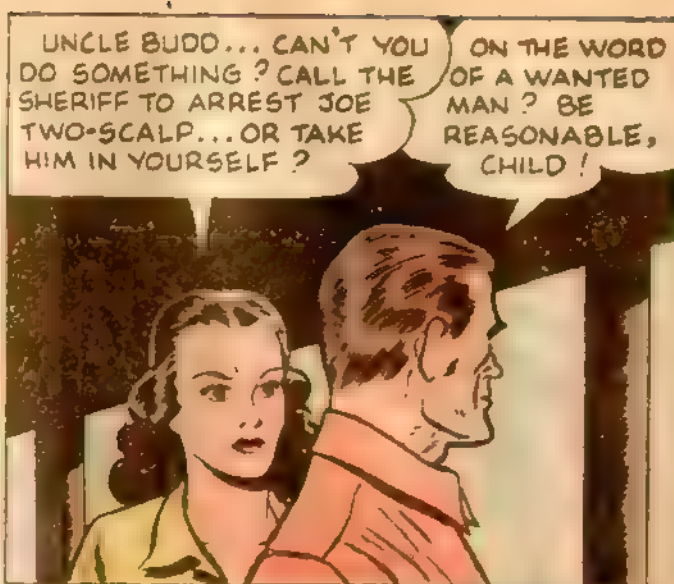
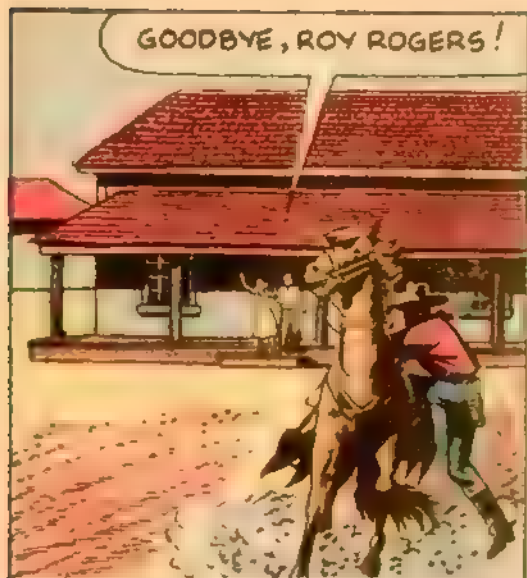
WAIT, ROY! WHAT IS THERE BETWEEN YOU AND JOE TWO-SCALP? I WANT TO KNOW... PLEASE WAIT!

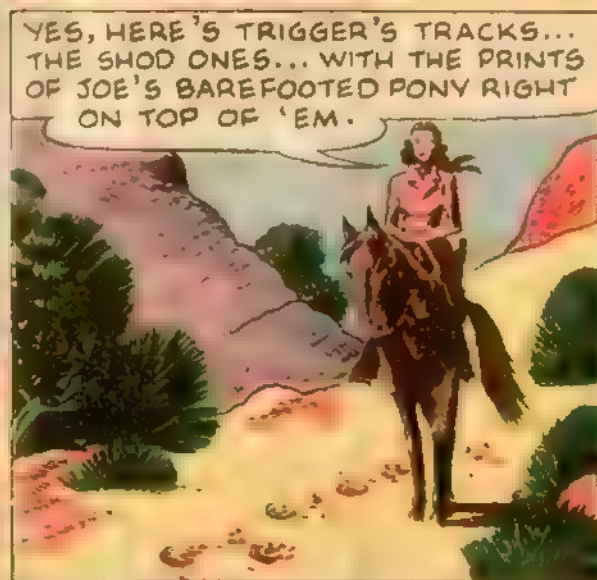
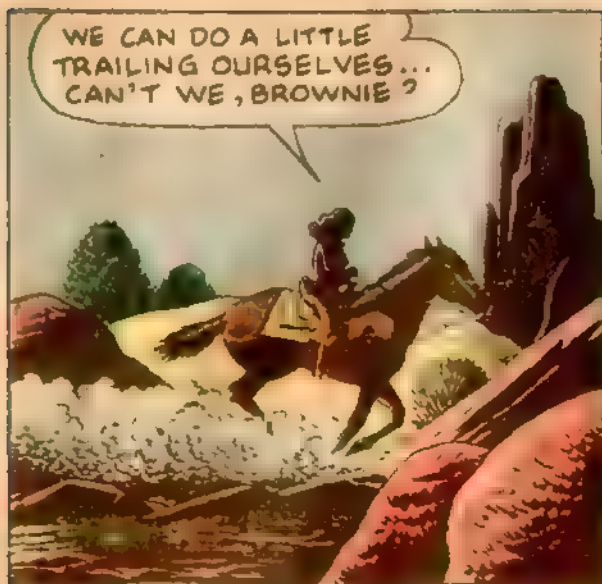
ALL RIGHT! YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE IT... BUT I SAW JOE AND TWO APACHES BURYING THE SUITCASES AND OTHER LOOT FROM THE TRAIN ROBBERY... YOU... YOU RECOGNIZED HIM?

YES.. BY HIS WHITE SCALP LOCK! AND THAT'S NOT ALL... HE TRIED TO KNIFE ME YESTERDAY.... BECAUSE HE GUESSED I WAS ON HIS TRAIL.

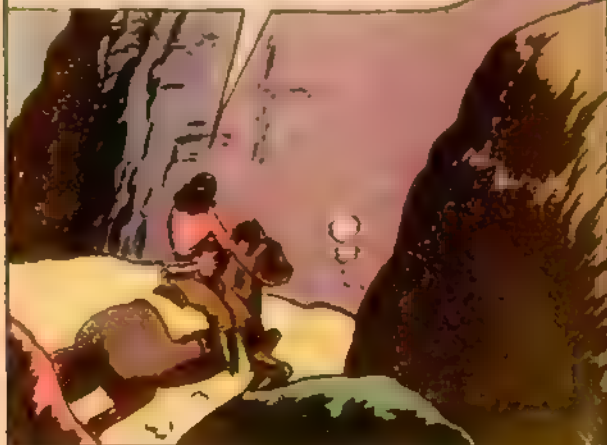
WELL... I'M STILL ON HIS TRAIL AND I'M STAYING THERE! SO LONG, BEE! AND TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!

YES... AND YOU DO THE SAME!





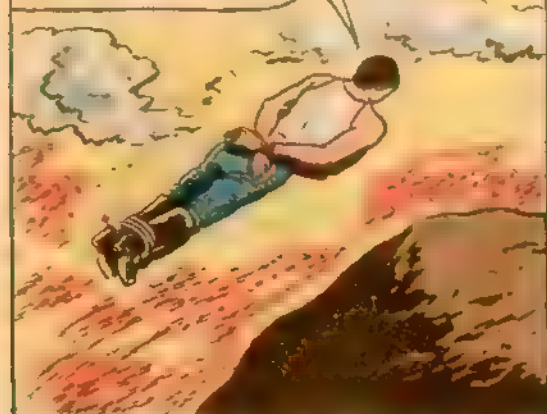
THERE'S JUST A WISP
OF DUST RISING OVER
THERE, IN THAT GULLY...



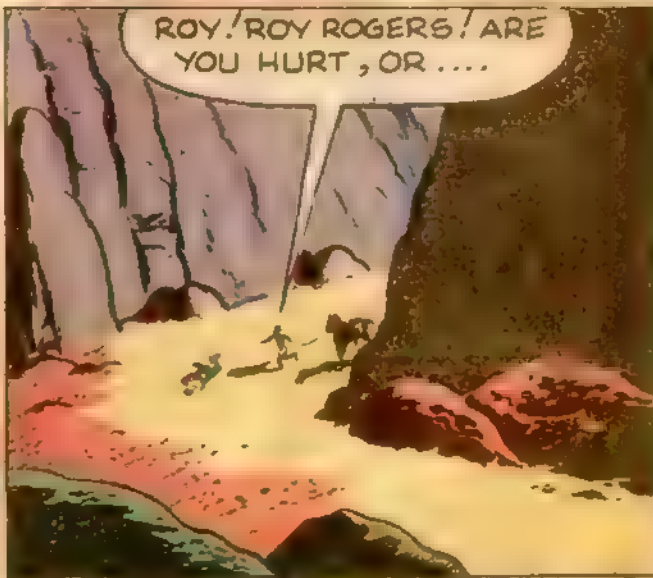
(UGH!) HAH! THESE ROPES
ARE LOOSENING.. (UGH!) JUST
A TRIFLE... (UGH!)



TIRED OUT... HAVE TO
THINK OF SOME OTHER
WAY, OR I'LL... (UGH)
DIE HERE ...

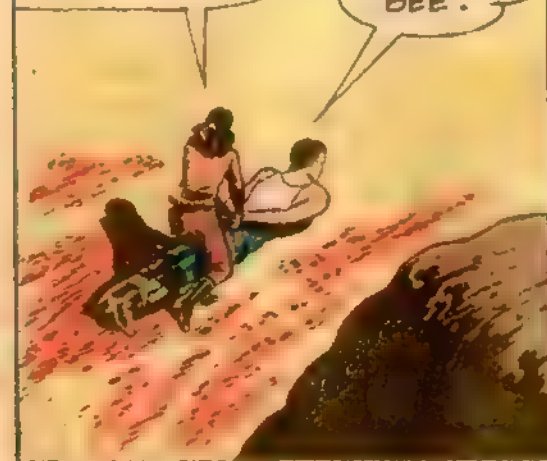


ROY! ROY ROGERS! ARE
YOU HURT, OR



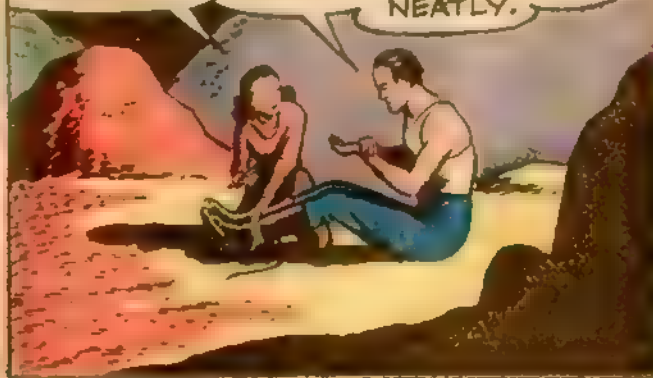
THESE KNOTS ARE
TOO TIGHT! OH,
DEAR....!

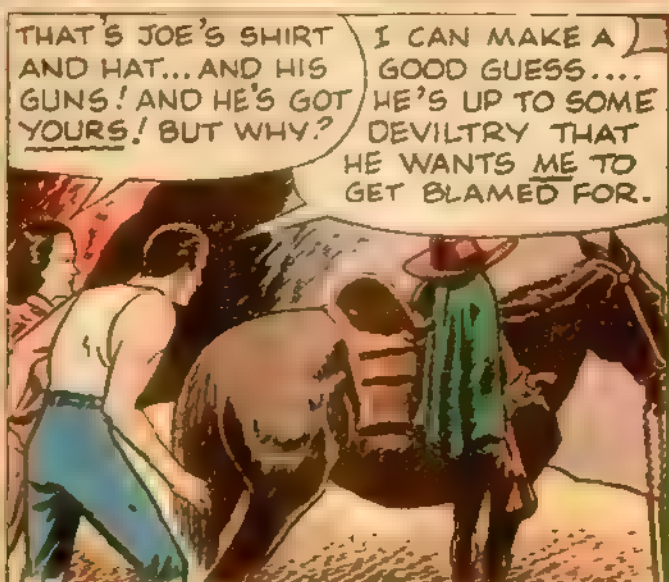
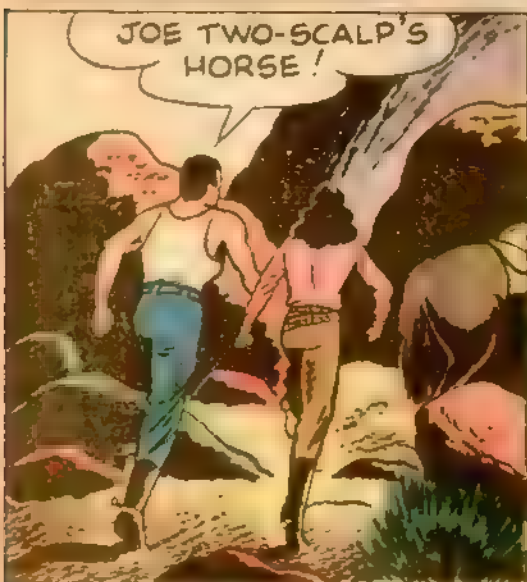
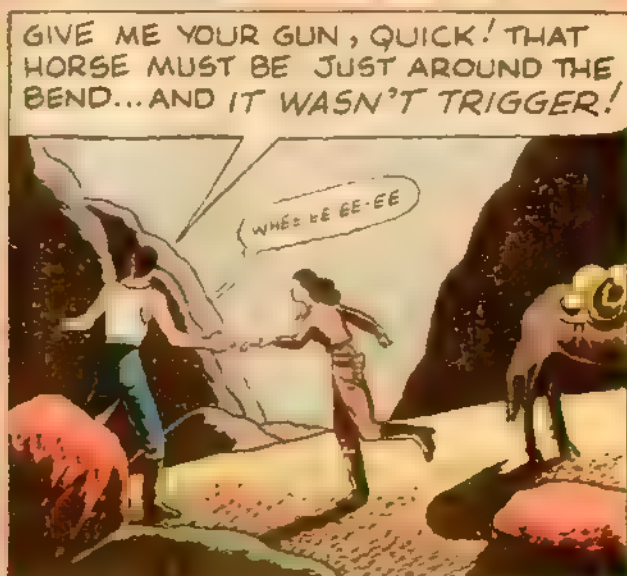
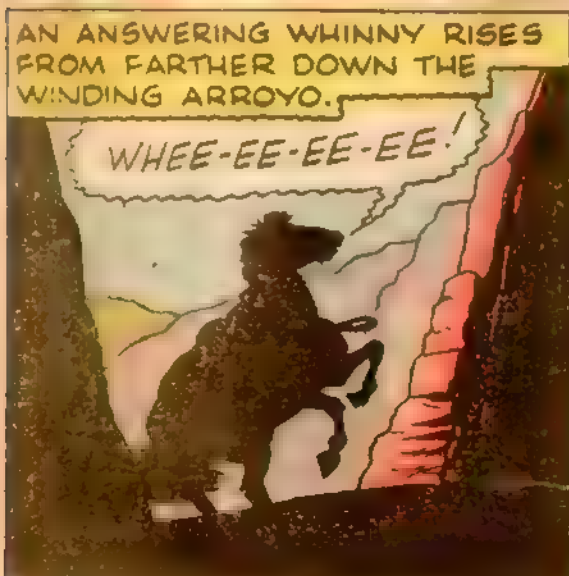
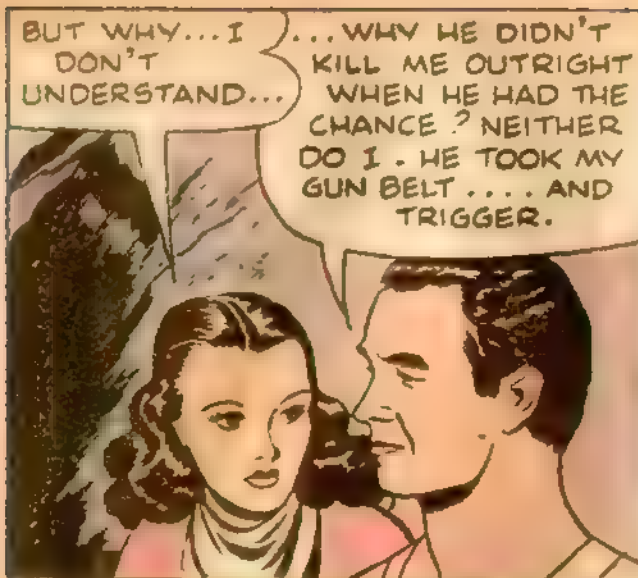
JACKKNIFE
IN MY HIP
POCKET,
BEE .



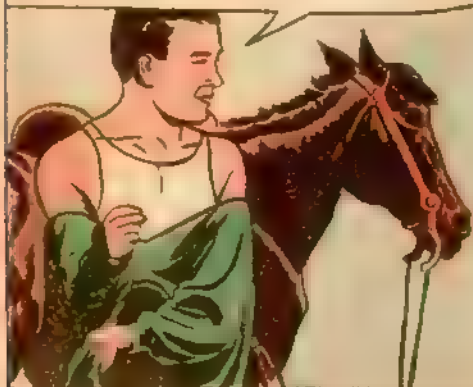
HOW LONG HAVE
YOU BEEN HERE,
ROY? IT WAS
JOE WHO TIED
YOU, OF
COURSE ?

YES... HE KNOWS
THIS APACHE
LAND LIKE THE
PALM OF HIS HAND.
HE CUT AROUND
AND AMBUSHED ME
NEATLY.





HE'S PLANNING TO SNEAK BACK
HERE AFTER IT'S DONE AND
SWAP CLOTHES AGAIN, AND
TURN ME LOOSE ... TO GET
CAUGHT FOR HIS CRIME....



BUT I'M NOT
WAITING
FOR THAT.

ROY! YOU MEAN
YOU'RE GOING
AFTER HIM?
NOW?

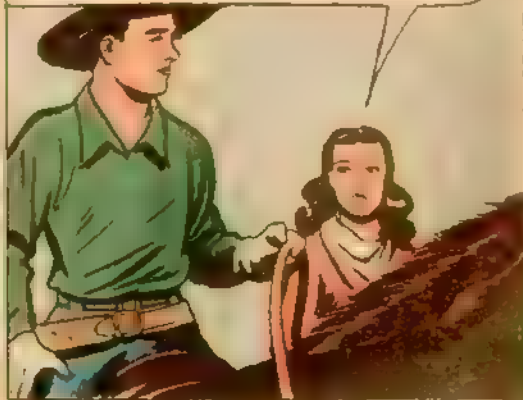


RIGHT! AND YOU'RE
GOING BACK TO THE
RANCH TO GET YOUR
UNCLE BUDD AND HIS
RIDERS READY FOR
TROUBLE ...

NO! YOU'RE
DRAGGING
YOUR
LOOP NOW,
COWBOY!



WE'RE RIDING TOGETHER ON
JOE TWO-SCALP'S TRAIL, ROY
ROGERS. WHEN IT COMES TO
SWAPPING LEAD, I CAN SHOOT
BETTER THAN MOST MEN.



YOU CAN'T ORDER ME
HOME... LIKE AN
INFANT!

HHMMMM!



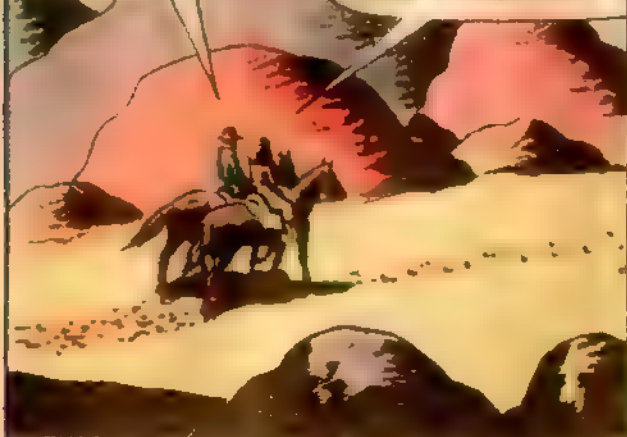
AND YOU'RE NOT ON
TRIGGER NOW... SO
YOU CAN'T OUT-
RIDE ME!

THAT'S
SO.



TRIGGER'S SHOE MARKS
MAKE TRACKING A
LOT EASIER.

I THINK
HE'S
HEADING FOR
THE "OVENS".



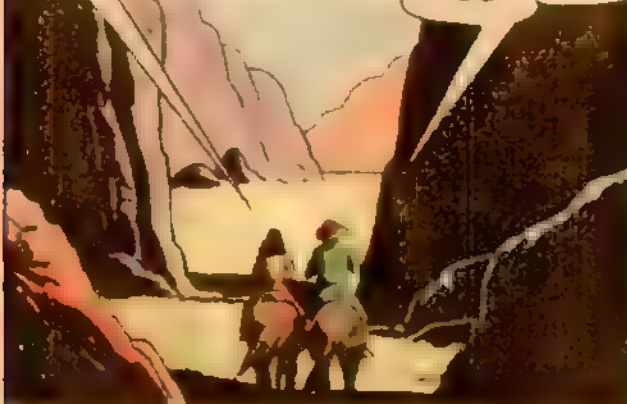
WHAT ARE
THE
"OVENS"?

JUST A NETWORK
OF ROCKY SUN-
BAKED CANYONS
WHERE NOTHING
CAN LIVE, AND NO
HONEST RIDER
EVER GOES.



HERE'S THE FIRST OF
THEM...HOT ENOUGH
FOR YOU, ROY?

PLENTY! AND
I RECKON
WE'RE "WARM"
ON JOE'S TRAIL,
TOO.



I'LL CLIMB UP TO THE RIM
AND TAKE A LOOK AROUND.



SMOKE...PUFFS...THE
APACHE SIGNAL CODE!



WHAT'S THE
NEWS, ROY?

JOE'S SOMEWHERE
IN THE NEXT CANYON
OVER... SIGNALING
HIS APACHES



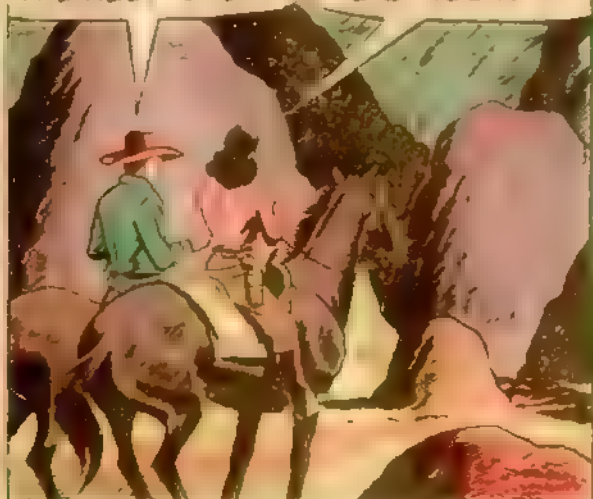
IN THE NEXT CANYON....

KEEP YOUR GUN LOOSE,
BEE...WHILE WE LOOK FOR
A PLACE TO HIDE THE
HORSES.



THIS LOOKS LIKE A LIKELY SPOT

BEHIND THOSE
BIG ROCKS

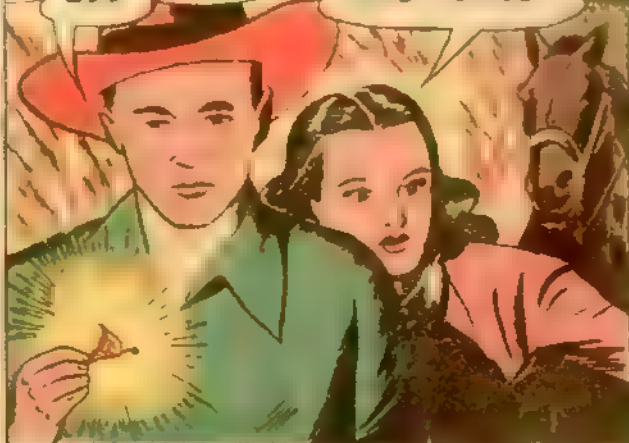


SAY! IF THAT CAVE GOES
IN DEEP ENOUGH.....



IT DOES! THERE'S
MORE THAN
ENOUGH ROOM,
BEE

I WONDER IF
THE APACHES
KNOW ABOUT
THIS PLACE?



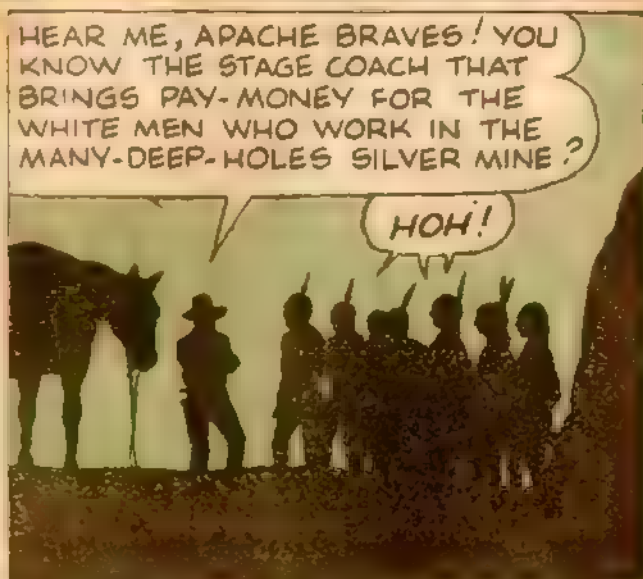
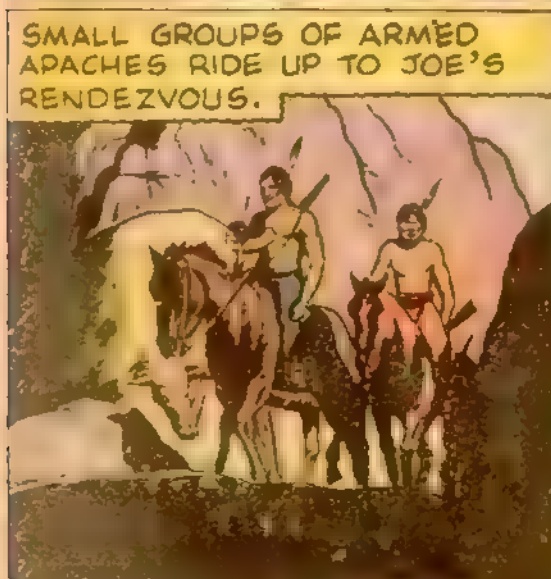
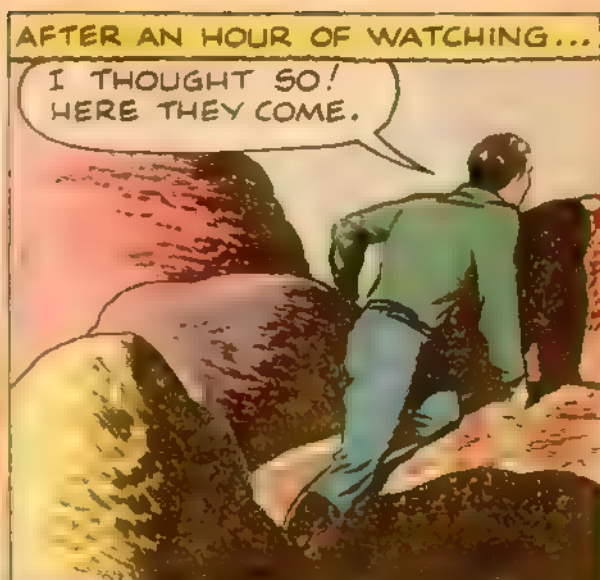
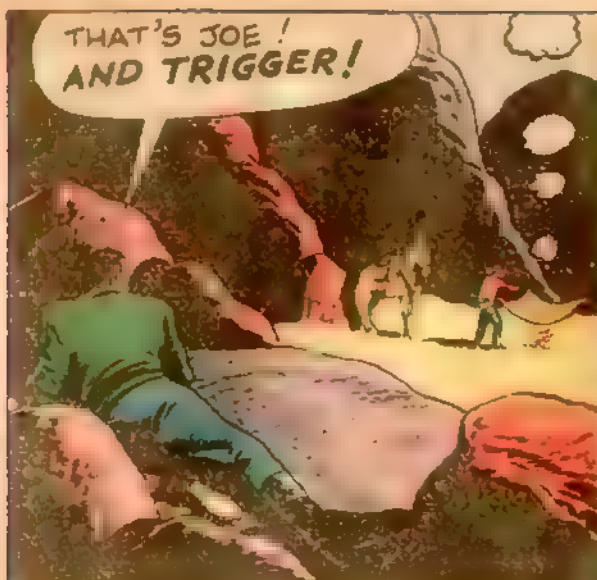
ONCE AGAIN YOU'RE
STAYING BEHIND WITH
THE HORSES, YOUNG
LADY. I'M NOT LOOKING
FOR GUNPLAY, SO
DON'T WORRY.

OKAY, COWBOY...
BUT DON'T BE
GONE TOO LONG,
OR I'LL START
LOOKING FOR
YOU.



JOE IS ABOUT HALF A MILE
DOWN THE CANYON, I
THINK...I'LL BE ABLE TO
SPOT HIM EASILY IF HE'S
STILL SIGNALING.







WHY YOU WEAR FANCY COWBOY CLOTHES, JOE TWO-SCALP? WHITE MEN REMEMBER YOU EASILY.

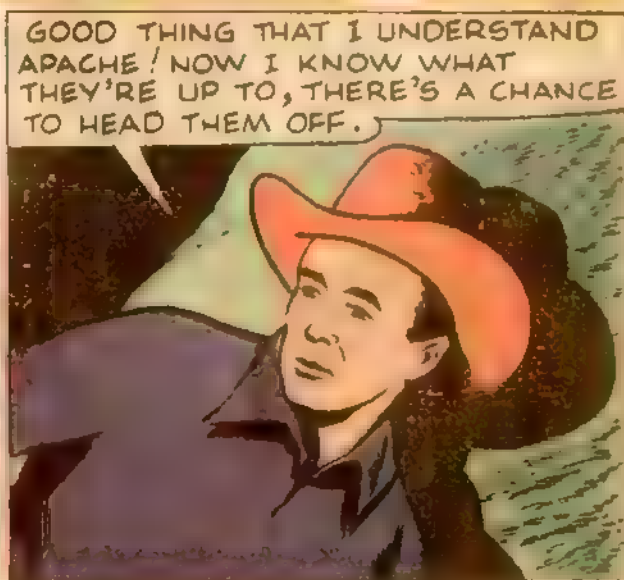
GOOD! THEY REMEMBER **WRONG MAN**. THESE NOT MY CLOTHES.



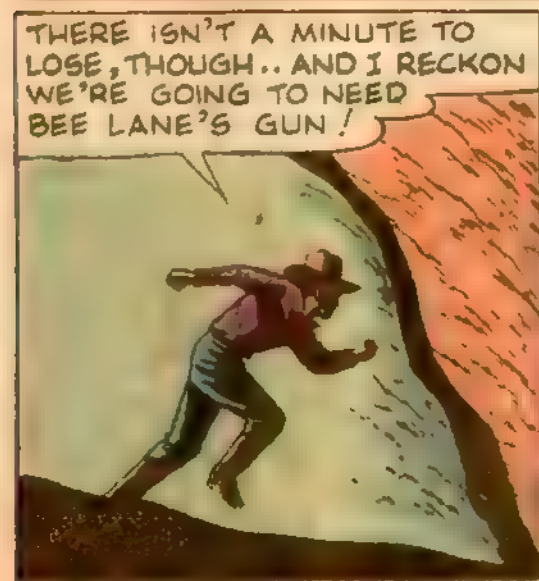
WE RIDE NOW...TAKE PLENTY TIME AND KEEP OUT OF SIGHT.



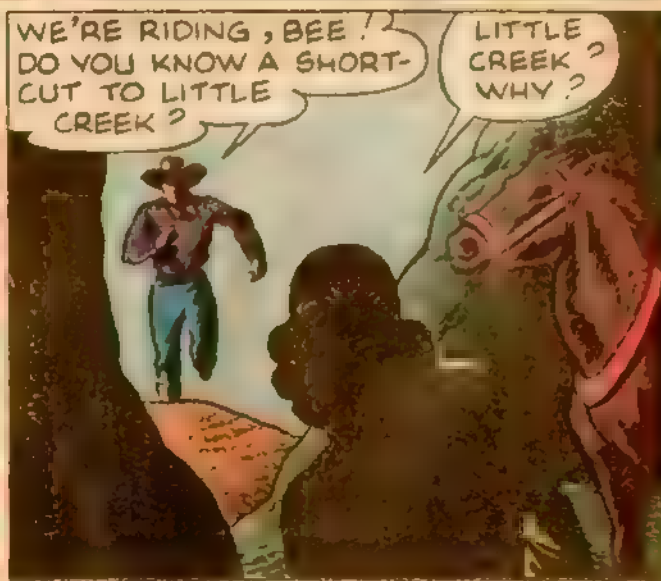
YAHOO! WAH! WAH! YIP-YIP-YIP!



GOOD THING THAT I UNDERSTAND APACHE! NOW I KNOW WHAT THEY'RE UP TO, THERE'S A CHANCE TO HEAD THEM OFF.



THERE ISN'T A MINUTE TO LOSE, THOUGH.. AND I RECKON WE'RE GOING TO NEED BEE LANE'S GUN!



WE'RE RIDING, BEE! DO YOU KNOW A SHORT-CUT TO LITTLE CREEK?

LITTLE CREEK? WHY?

JOE TWO-SCALP AND HIS
RENEGADES ARE WAYLAYING
THE PAY ROLL STAGE WHERE
THE CREEK CROSSES THE
ROAD.

AND WE'RE
SUPPOSED
TO STOP
THEM?



I'M HOPING TO STOP
THE STAGE AND
TURN IT
BACK...

AND IF
YOU CAN'T,
THEN
WHAT?



THEN I RECKON THE STAGE
GUARDS WILL NEED ALL THE
SIX GUN HELP THEY CAN
GET.

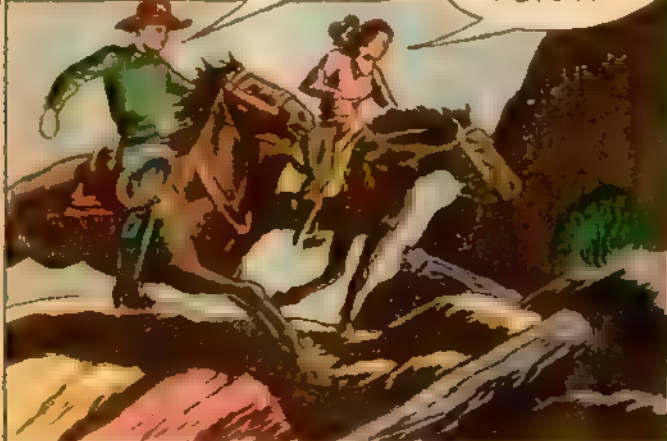


ALL RIGHT, COWBOY... I'M WITH
YOU / THERE IS A SHORT CUT
AND IT'S PLENTY RUGGED.



CAREFUL, GIRL! A HORSE
CAN BREAK A LEG HERE
WITHOUT HALF TRYING!

CAREFUL
YOURSELF!
YOU ASKED
FOR IT.



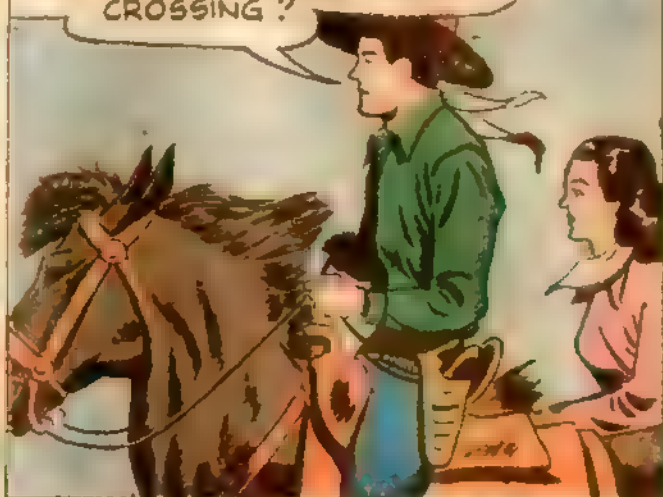
HEY! WATCH OUT....



ONLY A CUT KNEE. ...
BUT WE'LL GO SLOWER
TILL WE REACH BETTER
GOING.



NOW... WHICH WAY AND HOW
FAR IS THE LITTLE CREEK
CROSSING?

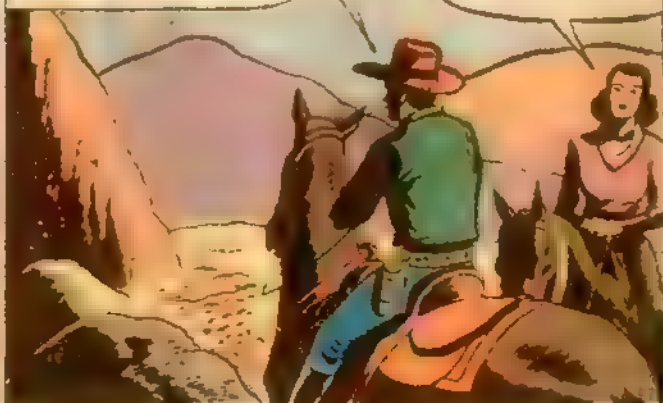


THREE MILES SOUTH...IN THE
NOTCH BETWEEN THOSE TWO
HILLS. YOU'LL STRIKE THE
ROAD A LITTLE BEFORE YOU
REACH THE CREEK.



OKAY...YOU RIDE FOR THE DIAMOND C
RANCH. BRING ANY RIDERS YOU
CAN GET IN A HURRY....
AND AS FAST AS HEAVEN
WILL LET YOU!

AND
YOU, ROY...?



I'M HOPING TO MEET THE STAGE
IN TIME...OR ELSE FIGHT TILL
HELP COMES!



DON'T GIVE OUT ON ME NOW,
PONY! OH, IF ONLY I HAD MY
TRIGGER HORSE!



THE PANTING PONY ANSWERS WITH MORE SPEED. BUT THE MARKS OF EXHAUSTION SHOW PLAINLY.



THE ROAD AND THE STAGE HAS JUST PASSED!



ROY'S PONY OVERTAKES THE REAR GUARDS.

HI! PULL UP! STOP THE STAGE BEFORE IT GETS TO THE CREEK!



WHAT'S WRONG?

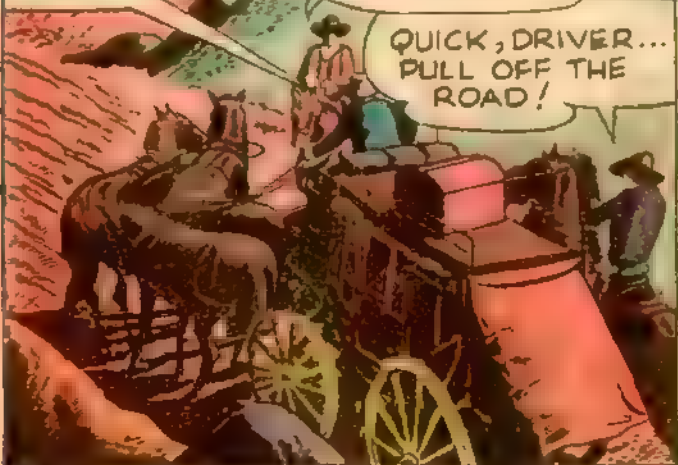
APACHES... PLANNING TO AMBUSH YOU AT THE CREEK! GOT TO STOP YOU HERE!



WHAT'S THE IDEA...? SOME NEW HOLDUP TRICK?

NOPE! THAT PONY HAS BEEN RIDDEN TO DEATH...

QUICK, DRIVER... PULL OFF THE ROAD!



APACHES WAITING FOR YOU AT THE CREEK... LIKELY TO ATTACK NOW... PULL OFF AMONG THESE ROCKS!



FROM UP THE ROAD COMES A BURST
OF SHOTS AND WILD WAR-WHOOPS.

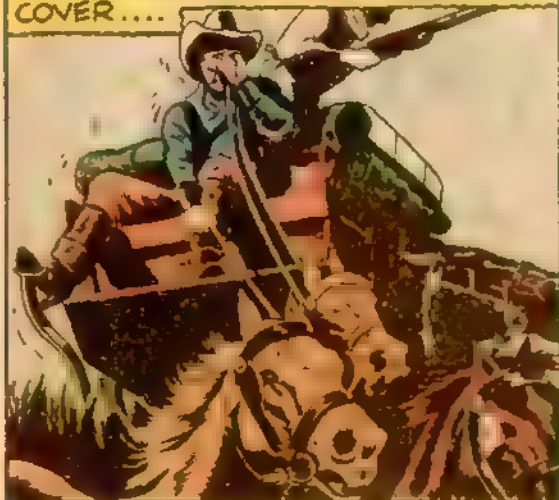
YIP! YIP! WA-WA-WA-WAH!



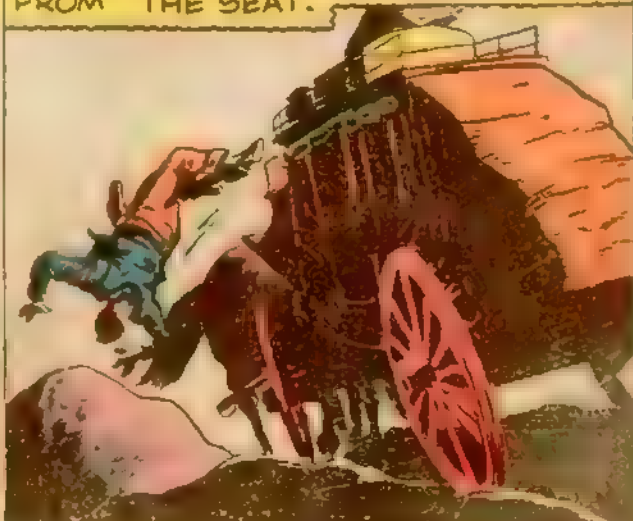
ROY'S HORSE GOES DOWN...
WITH A BULLET IN ITS HEAD.



WOUNDED IN THE HEAD, THE
DRIVER GUIDES HIS TEAM TO
COVER....



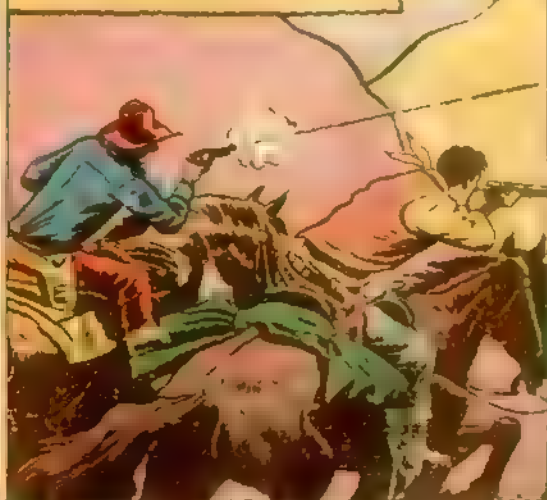
... AND PITCHES, UNCONSCIOUS,
FROM THE SEAT.



SLASHING THROUGH THE TRACES,
ROY FREES THE FRANTIC STAGE TEAM...



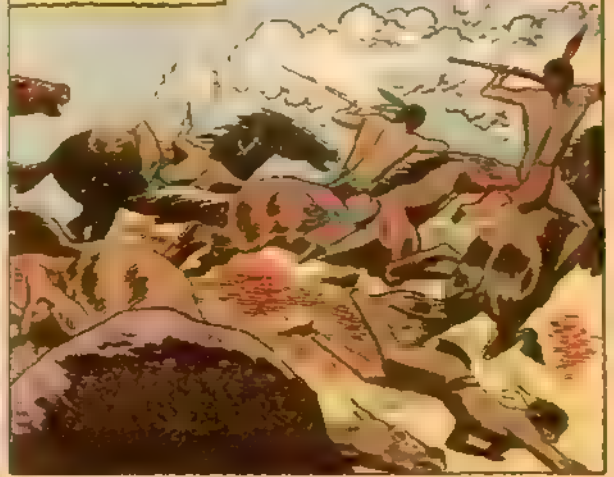
....WHILE THE GUARDS' WELL-
PLACED BULLETS.....



SLOW UP THE APACHES' RUSH.



OTHERS, ATTACKING FROM THE REAR, MEET THE BLAST OF ROY'S TWO GUNS.



FROM HERE ON, THE FIGHT SETTLES DOWN TO SAVAGE DEADLY SNIPING.

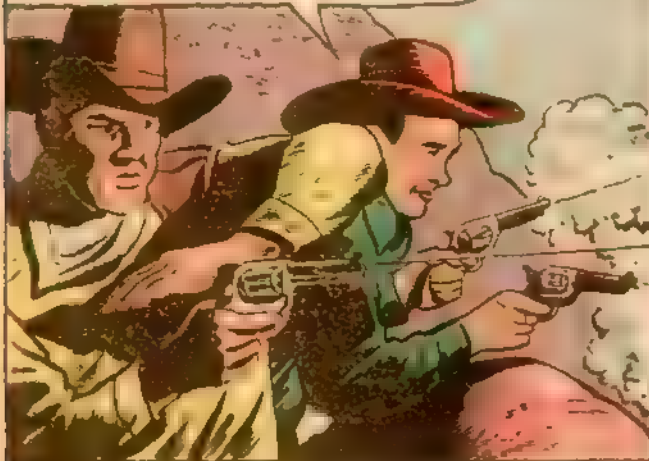


THOSE RED DEVILS HAVE US SURROUNDED AND OUTNUMBERED... THEY'LL GET US ALL, BEFORE NIGHT.

THAT'S WHAT THEY THINK.



...BUT I'VE SENT FOR HELP... IF WE CAN HOLD OUT FOR ANOTHER HOUR OR TWO...



EEYOW! OWWW...



A GUARD'S BULLET DRILLS THE SAVAGE, WHOSE GUN ROY ROGERS SMASHED.

A-A-A-AH!

FROM A CLUMP OF THICK BRUSH, JOE TWO-SCALP'S RIFLE SPEAKS.



AND ONE OF THE STAGE GUARDS FALLS WITH A GROAN.

UNNNH!

I'M. (COUGH).. A GONER! DON'T WASTE TIME.. WITH ME, PARDNER.. SAVE Y'R OWN SCALP... AND THE PAY ROLL!

THERE'S THREE OF US LEFT... AND WE'RE SURE GOING TO TRY, FRIEND!

LISTEN, NEIGHBORS... WE'RE GOING TO BURY THIS PAY ROLL MONEY AND TRY TO FIGHT FREE FROM THIS TRAP.

BURY IT?

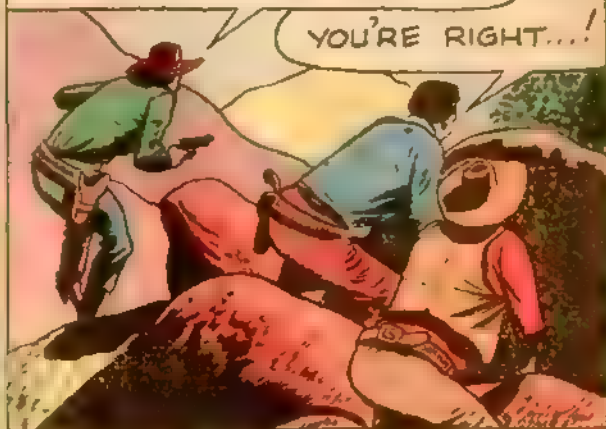
THERE'S NO TIME TO BURY THAT MONEY WHERE THOSE DEV'ISH INJUNS WON'T FIND IT.

THEY'LL GET IT... AND US... ANYWAY.

NEVER THOUGHT OF BURYING
MONEY IN A DEAD HORSE'S
THROAT, DID YOU? WELL, THE
APACHES WON'T THINK OF IT,
EITHER... I HOPE!



THERE'S ONLY ONE INDIAN IN
THAT CLUMP OF ASPENS... HE
CAN'T KILL MORE THAN ONE OF
US BEFORE WE KILL HIM...



COME ON!



HASTILY THE RED RIFLEMAN AIMS
AT ROY'S DODGING FORM.



I THOUGHT HE'D MISS... AND HE
WON'T GET A SECOND CHANCE!



I CAN USE THAT RIFLE....





WE'LL FIGHT IT OUT
HERE, BOYS...TILL THE
DIAMOND C BUNCH
COMES...

...OR UNTIL
THE INJUNS
GIT US!

THIS HERE'S
A GOOD
PLACE.



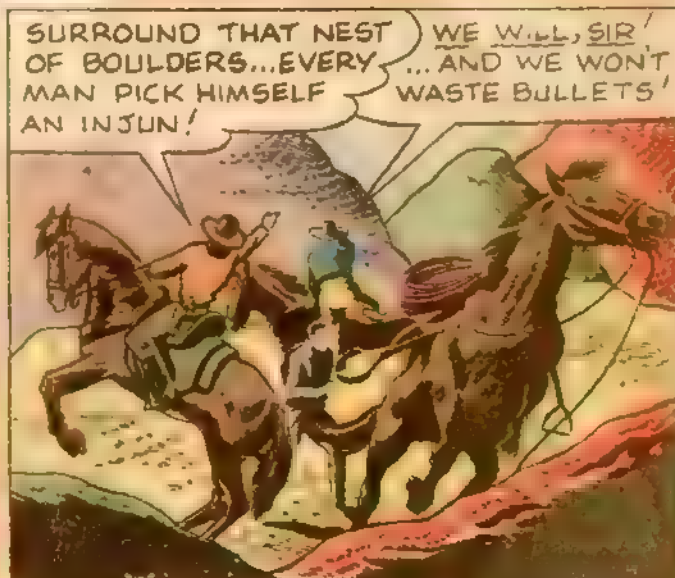
AND ONLY FIVE MILES AWAY...

FASTER, MEN! KILL YOUR
HORSES IF YOU HAVE TO...
BUT RIDE!



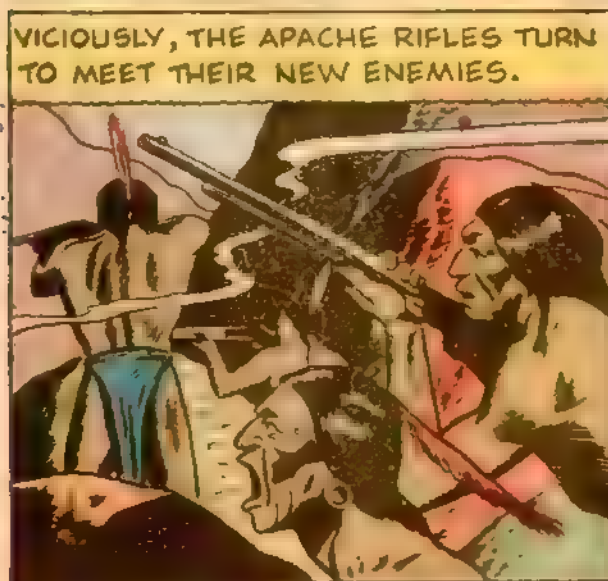
RIFLE FIRE AHEAD,
GENERAL! AND THERE'S
THE STAGE!

SOME
OF 'EM
ARE ALIVE...
THANK HEAVEN!



SURROUND THAT NEST
OF BOULDERS...EVERY
MAN PICK HIMSELF
AN INJUN!

WE WILL, SIR!
...AND WE WON'T
WASTE BULLETS!



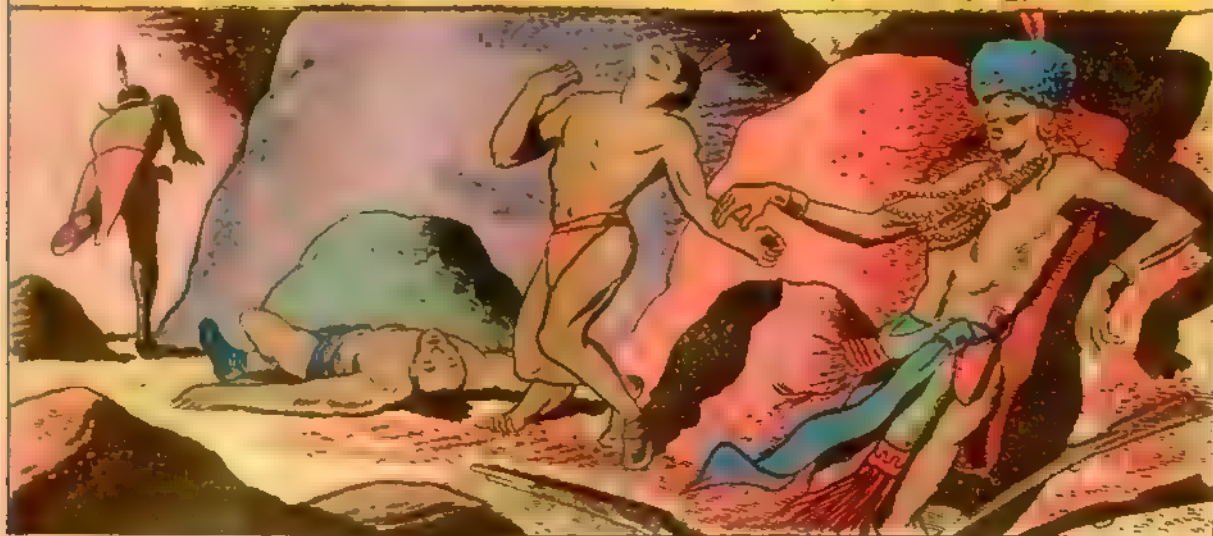
VICIOUSLY, THE APACHE RIFLES TURN
TO MEET THEIR NEW ENEMIES.



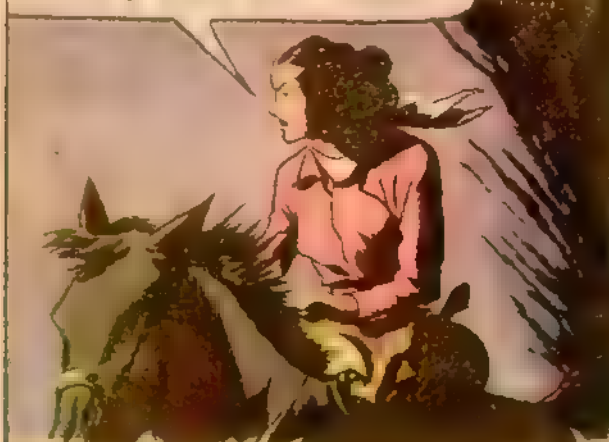
GET TO COVER AND
CRAWL UP ON THE
SKUNKS.

YEAH!
THEY'RE
SNAKY, BUT
THEY'RE BUM SHOTS.

SUDDENLY THE FIGHT GROWS HOTTER . FOR THE APACHE BAND.



DOGGONE! I OUGHT NOT TO HAVE CAUGHT A FRESH PONY AT THE RANCH. THE FIGHT WILL BE OVER 'FORE I EVER GET THERE.



MAYBE I OUGHT TO HAVE STAYED WITH ROY ROGERS.. HE COULD BE DEAD NOW, AND I'D NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF...



SUDDENLY THE REMAINING INDIANS BREAK AND RUN FOR THEIR HORSES.



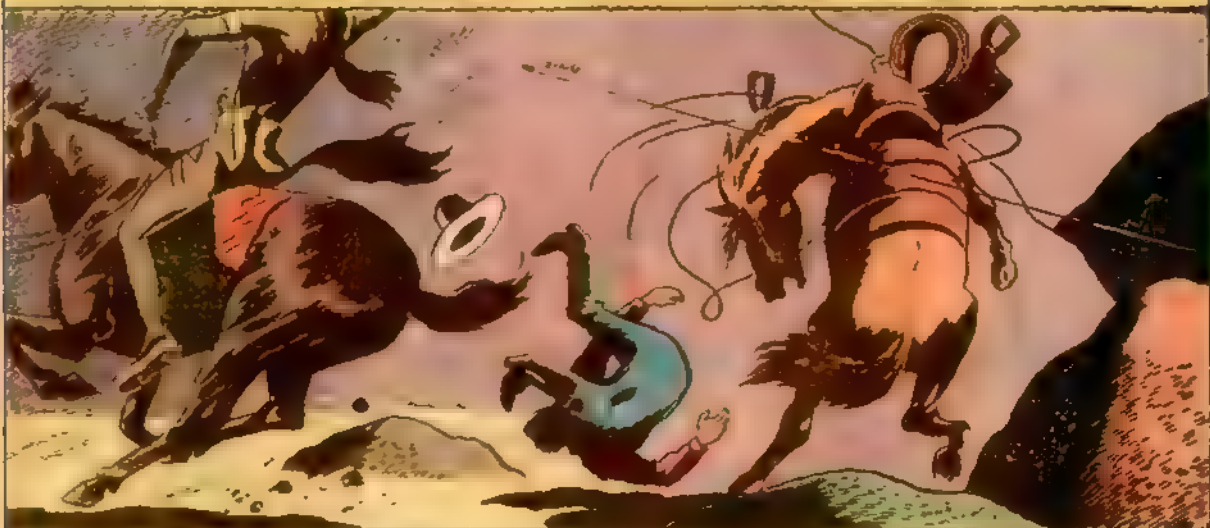
BUT TRIGGER, MADDENED BY THE SMELLS OF BLOOD AND GUNSMOKE, IS IN A FIGHTING MOOD.



MY LAST BULLET... AND I MISSED JOE TWO-SCALP!



TRIGGER'S BUCKING SAVES JOE'S LIFE... BUT SENDS HIM FLYING.



AND, LIKE A SNAKE, THE APACHE, DRESSED IN ROY'S CLOTHES, MELTS OUT OF SIGHT

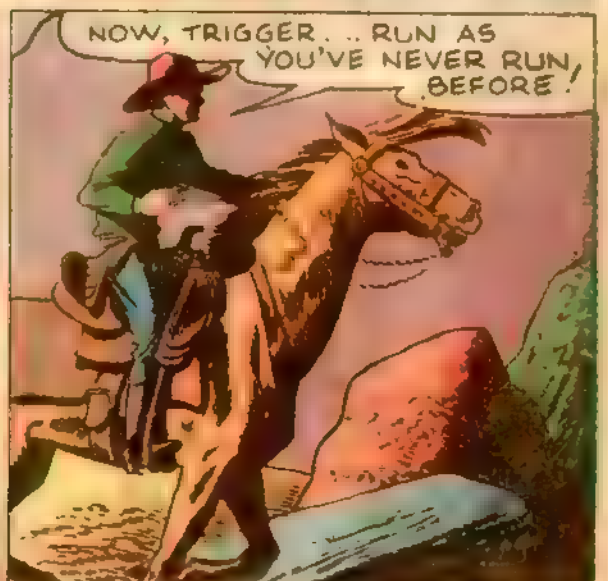
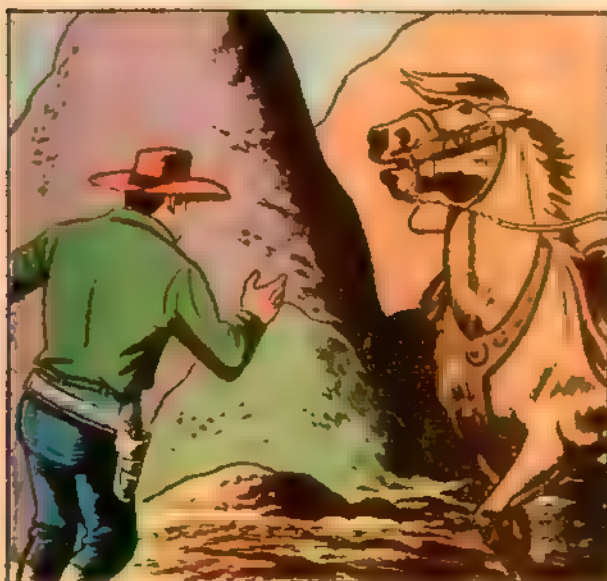


COWBOY BULLETS THIN THE SMALL BUNCH OF ESCAPING KILLERS.

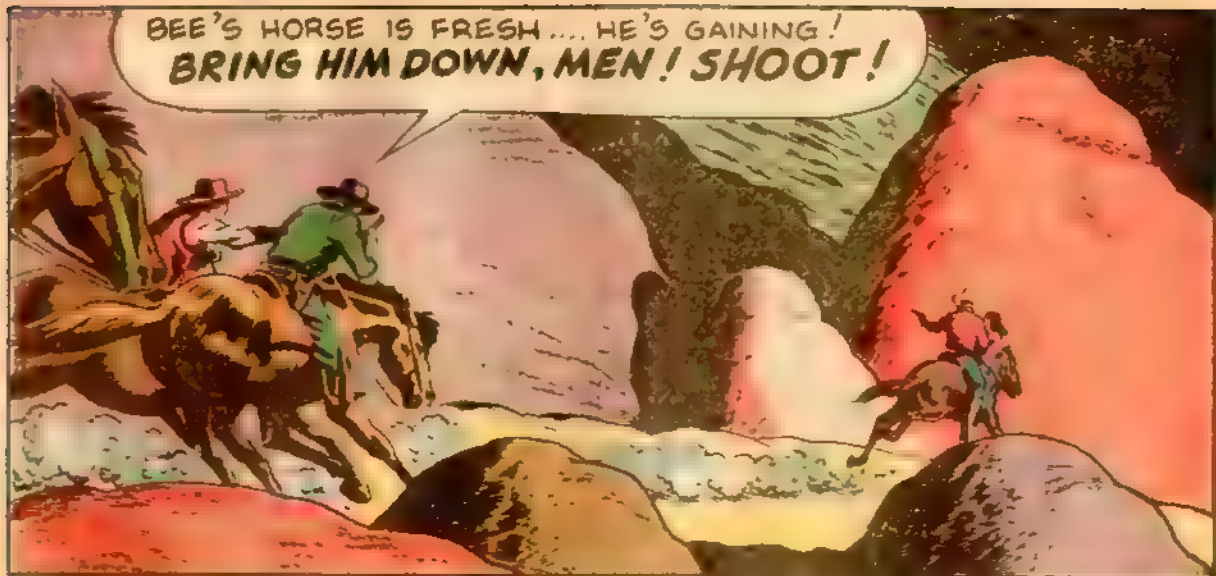


I KNEW IT! IT'S ALL OVER
BUT THE WHOOPING!





BEE'S HORSE IS FRESH... HE'S GAINING!
BRING HIM DOWN, MEN! SHOOT!



BEE FACES DEATH AND WORSE....
IF THAT APACHE GETS AWAY WITH
HER.

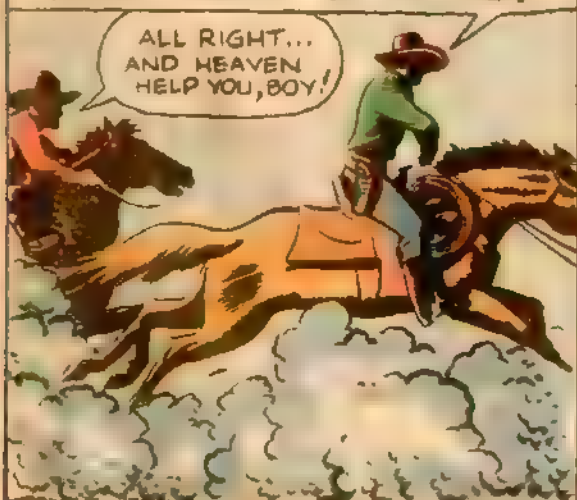


**HOLD YOUR
FIRE!** HOLD
IT, GENERAL
CRAIG!

EH? ROGERS'
WHAT D'YOU
MEAN--?

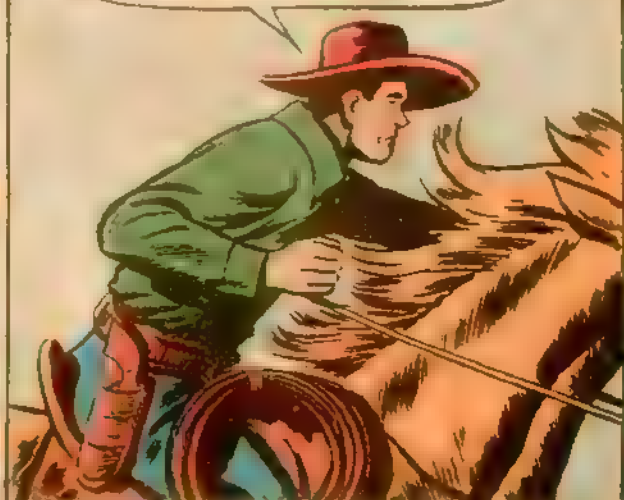


DON'T SHOOT....**UNLESS JOE
TWO-SCALP GETS ME!**



ALL RIGHT...
AND HEAVEN
HELP YOU, BOY!

GOOD BOY, TRIGGER!
WE'RE GAINING... FAST!



JOE EMPTIES ONE PISTOL... AS
BEE FIGHTS TO SPOIL HIS AIM.



EASY, TRIGGER... HIS SECOND
GUN IS HALF EMPTY! NOT
TOO CLOSE!



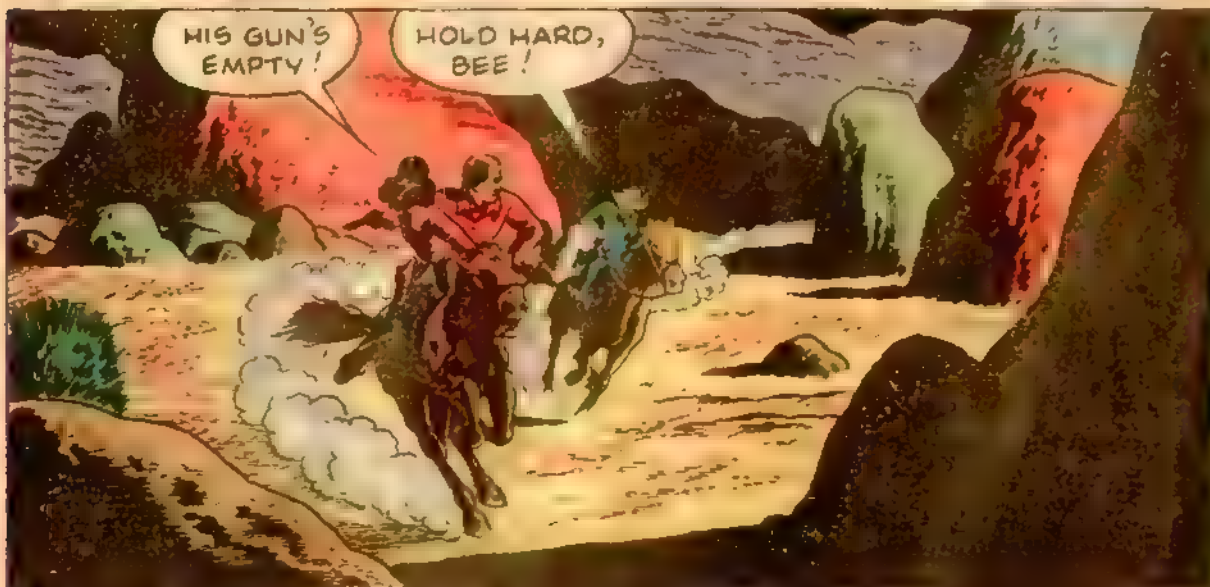
KEEP BACK,
ROY! HE'LL...!

UGH!



HIS GUN'S
EMPTY!

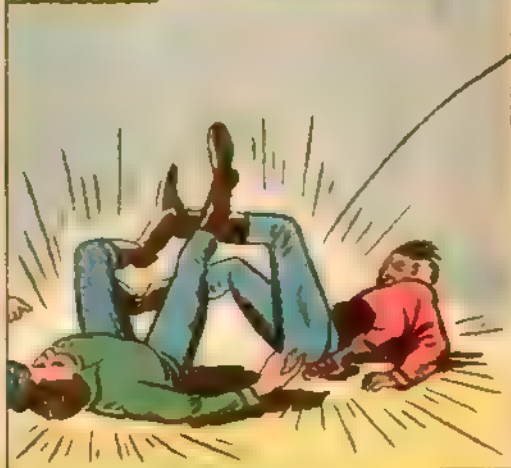
HOLD HARD,
BEE!



OH! THEY'LL BOTH BE KILLED !



THE GROUND'S IMPACT KNOCKS ROY AND THE HALF-BREED APART.



HALF STUNNED, ROY FIGHTS FOR CONSCIOUSNESS.

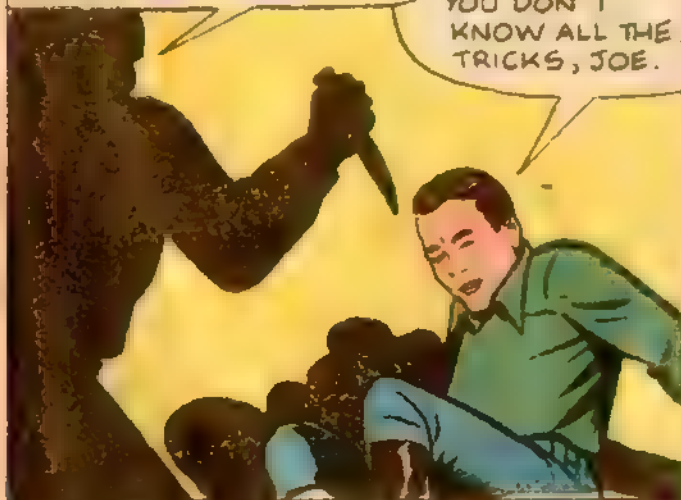


.... AND THROWS HIMSELF ASIDE JUST IN TIME.

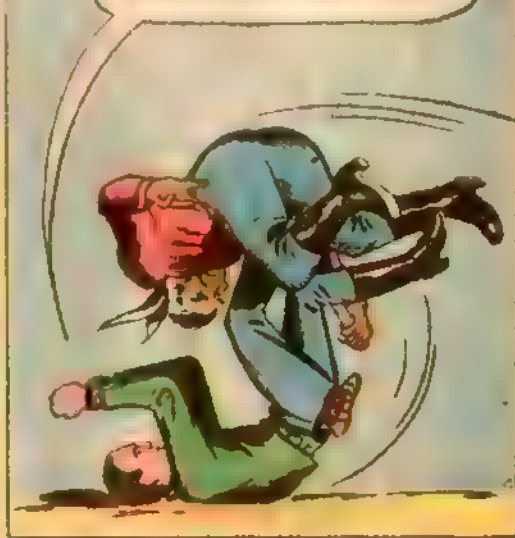


NOW, ROGERS, YOU DIE... BEFORE JOE TWO-SCALP!

MAYBE AND MAYBE NOT. YOU DON'T KNOW ALL THE TRICKS, JOE.



SEE WHAT I MEAN ?



YOU... YOU **KNIFED**
HIM, ROY?

NO, GENERAL...
JOE TWO-SCALP
FELL ON HIS
OWN KNIFE.

.. AND THAT
LOOKS LIKE
SHERIFF
TARN!

IT IS! I TELEPHONED
FOR HIM WHEN BEE
BROUGHT YOUR
MESSAGE.

YOU GOT HIM, GENERAL CRAIG... THAT
WHITE RENEGADE ROY ROGERS
WHO MADE A FOOL OF ME, AND...

HOLD ON, SHERIFF !

THIS IS JOE TWO-SCALP.
THE LEADER OF THE
APACHE TRAIN AND
STAGE ROBBERS,
WEARING ROY
ROGERS'S CLOTHES!

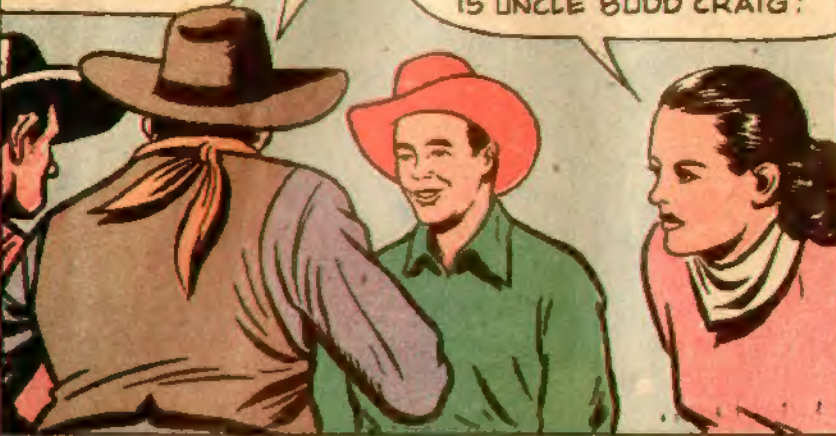
HUH? YOU TRYING TO GET ME MIXED UP, GENERAL? WHERE'S ROGERS THEN?

RIGHT HERE, SHERIFF! AND
I SURE WANT TO APOLOGIZE
FOR HAVING TO TIE UP YOUR
TWO DEPUTIES!

HUMPH! I OUGHT TO ARREST YOU ANYWAY, ROGERS, FOR MAKING A FOOL OF THE-LAW.

THEN YOU'D BETTER ARREST ME, TOO, SHERIFF! YOU SEE, I'M ROY'S ACCOMPLICE...AND SO IS UNCLE BUDD CRAIG!

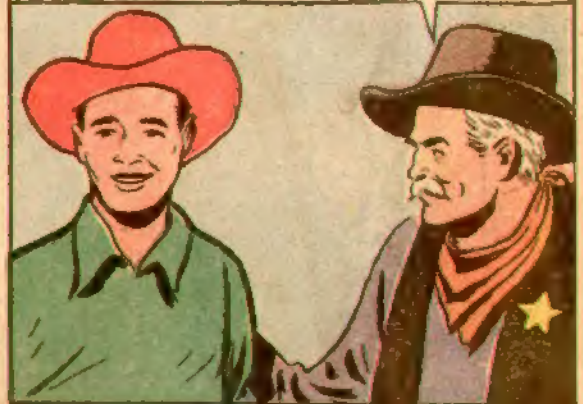
WE-ELL...IN THAT CASE I RECKON THE LAW WILL HAVE TO BACK DOWN A LITTLE.



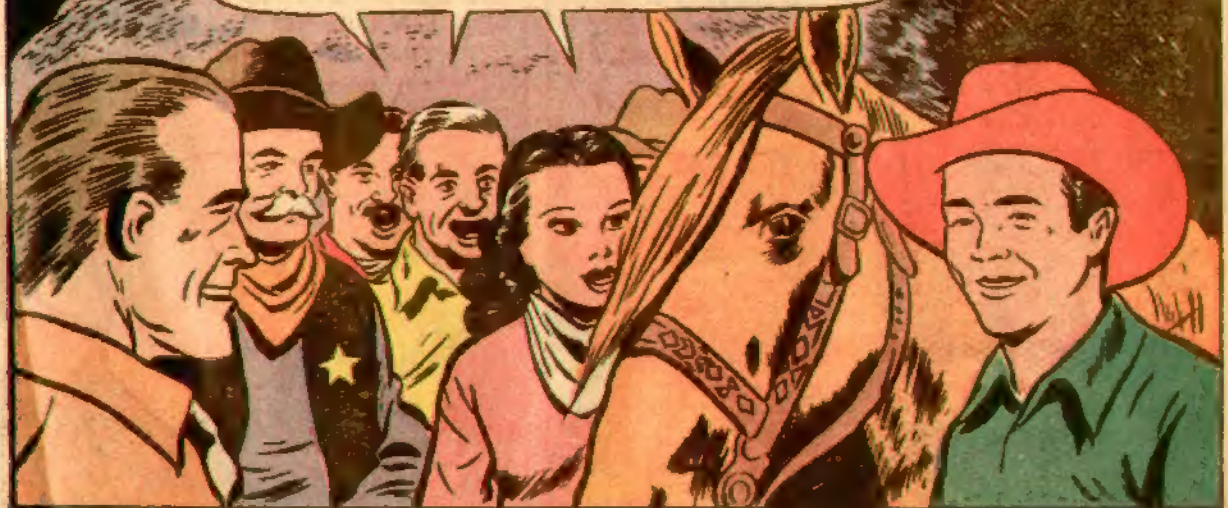
FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE TO YOU....

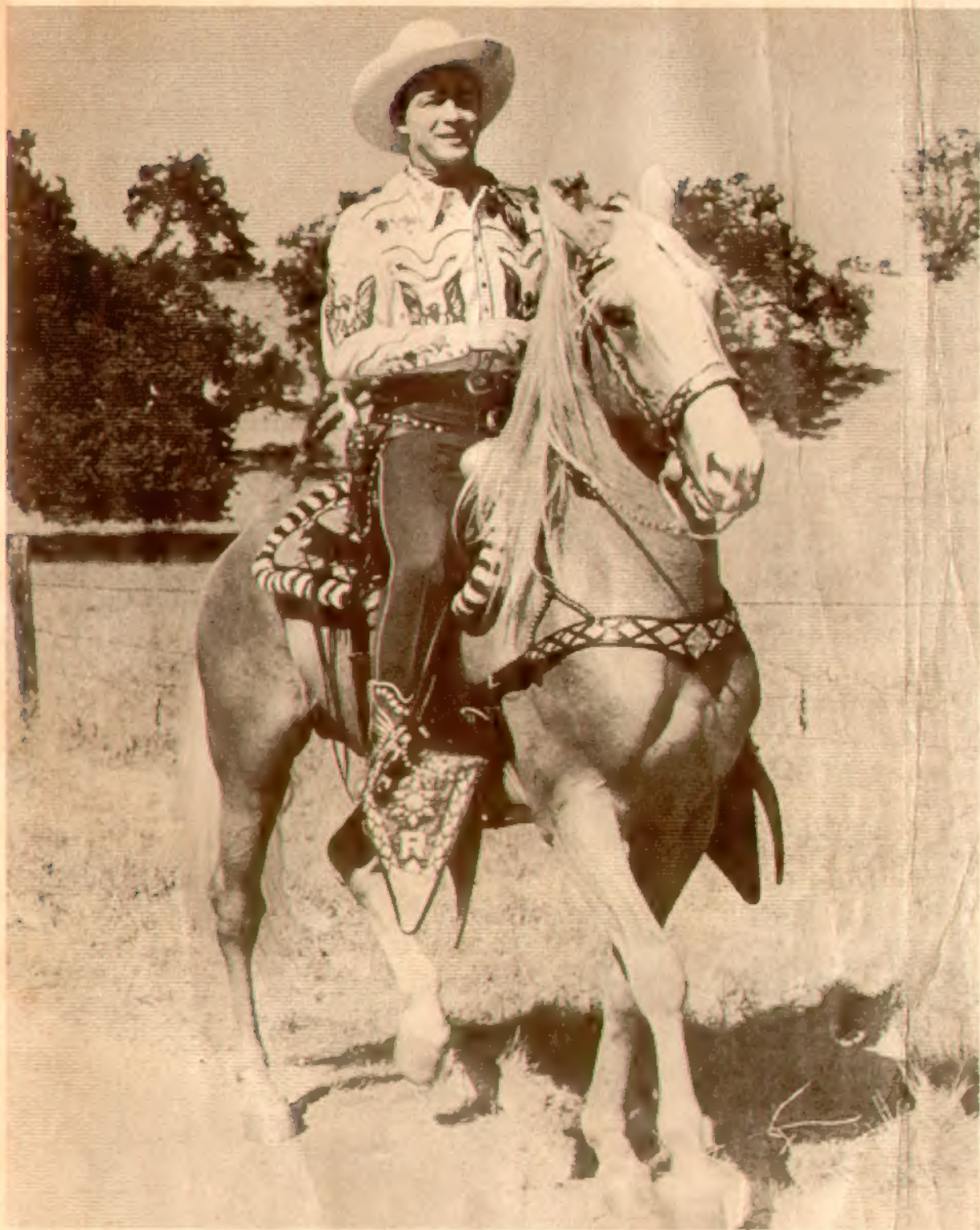


....THE ONLY GENT I EVER KNEW WHO WAS **MAN ENOUGH** TO TANGLE WITH BOTH THE LAW AND THE CRIMINALS AND COME OUT ON TOP...**MISTER ROY ROGERS!**



ROY ROGERS! YEA-A-A-AY!





Roy Rogers

